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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE forthcoming meeting of the League of Nations Council will be of exceptional interest. It has two items of first-class importance on its agenda—the Saar and the Italian-Abyssinian dispute; and it meets moreover in the new atmosphere created by the Rome agreement. This will be the main topic of private discussion among the representatives of the Powers on the Council, and all the present signs are that it will lead to an early resumption of the Disarmament Conference. As regards the Saar, the Council will have before it next week the result of the plebiscite, and in accordance with that will pronounce judgment on the future of the territory. The odds are, of course, on a majority for return to Germany; but there is the possibility of a preponderating vote in certain districts for the *status quo*, which would involve the Council in the delicate question of a possible partition.

Italy and Abyssinia

The Abyssinian dispute remains, as it has been for some weeks, at a deadlock. Each side stands on its rights, legal and moral, protests its innocence and accuses the other of aggressive action. The Italian policy is to concentrate attention on the fighting at Walwal. The Ethiopian Government, profoundly and not unjustifiably suspicious of Italy's ambitions, want a general settlement. Their fears have not been lessened by the Rome agreement, with its concession to Italy of shares in the Djibortis—Addis Ababa railway. But Mussolini may judge that it will pay him to be conciliatory; he can hardly want a royal row in the League at this moment, and he knows something of the Ethiopian temper. The latest news from Rome suggests that counsels of moderation will prevail. An article on Wednesday in the *Giornale d'Italia*, which is regarded as officially inspired, speaks of "peaceful collaboration with Abyssinia" as being in the interests of the two countries. It must be the business of the League to see that this profession is not a camouflage for something more sinister.

Albanian Rumours

Startling rumours have been coming from Albania, to the effect that something unpleasant had happened to King Zog. We know the main thing that has happened to him, and can guess the rest. He has been trying to shake off the galling Italian protectorate. A naval demonstration was tried with no great effect; it probably increased such loyalty as his subjects may feel for him. But the stoppage of the Italian subsidies was another matter, though its effects might not be felt at once. King Zog is a self-made potentate who has to buy the allegiance of the forces that support him. Since Albanians are both poor and proud, it is difficult to tax them; hence the convenience of subsidies. It seems likely that some part of the King's forces has revolted, for it is officially admitted that his adjutant, with the males of his clan,

has fled after a struggle with the gendarmerie across the border into Jugoslavia. It is unlucky for the King that he is engaged simultaneously with his subjects of the Orthodox Church, over whom Greece has certain rights of patronage, in a dispute that has been referred to Geneva. This is bad management on his part. Any monarch who hopes to rule without foreign money must rally to his side the nationalist idea. Religion sits very lightly on Albanians, and from time to time the Orthodox, the Catholics and the Moslems have been fused into a single national unit. But Zog, who sold himself alternately to Belgrade and Rome, is hardly the leader who might rouse the latent idealism of this chivalrous if primitive folk.

Egyptian Democracy

Egypt, after a long interval of palace rule, is preparing for a return to democracy. The historic party which had become the incarnation of the people's will to independence, is emerging from its eclipse, vocal, well organised and without a serious rival. What the Congress Party is to India, the Wafd is to Egypt. It has just held a vast and orderly demonstration in Cairo, which has demanded an early election under the constitution of 1923. But as yet it is uncertain what the recently appointed Premier, Nessim Pasha, means to do. All that is certain is that the period of royal dictatorship is ended. King Fuad ruled, with no apparent object in view save the interests of his House and its partisans, first under Sidky Pasha, an able tool, and then under the feebler Yehia Pasha. Their chief achievement was the destruction of the constitution that embodied the aspiration of the middle class for a modern, western democracy. Sidky put in its place a substitute, resting on indirect election, which seemed to favour the propertied upper strata of the population, but in reality concentrated power in the hands of the King and the administrative machine. Downing Street and the City favoured the new system for a time, but in the end formed as poor an opinion of King Fuad as the mass of his subjects hold. Nessim Pasha, an independent Liberal whom everyone trusts, stepped in to form a stop gap ministry of officials, and to bring back constitutional democracy. But it is thought that he means to do some cleaning up, and perhaps to risk the drafting of a constitution of his own, before he holds an election. That might be unwise. The Wafd is evidently no weaker for some years of enforced retirement; it has a popular leader in Nahas Pasha, and it is growing restive.

The American Deficit

Though we have grown used to astronomical figures in these days, a prospective budget deficit of 4,528,508,970 dollars, or over £900,000,000, still sounds considerable. It is, in fact, very considerable, although, like President Roosevelt's previous deficits, not so considerable as it sounds. There is, in the first place, no assurance that it will all be spent; for the President has consistently followed in his demands upon Congress the principle of being well on the safe side. He has not yet spent nearly all the money that Congress has voted to him in response to earlier demands. Secondly, even if the money were all spent, a great deal of it could be expected to come back later on. The huge advances made through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation will presumably be for the most part repaid; the sums used in refinancing farm mortgages will yield interest, and be largely returned in time; money locked up in commodity stocks is not a dead loss; and lastly for a good deal of his projected spending President Roosevelt will have solid assets to show—houses built, drained and afforested areas, roads, bridges and a host of other improvements ranging in scale from quite small clearances to the great Tennessee Valley scheme. Nor must we forget that even if all this borrowing were wholly unproductive, at the end of it the American debt burden would be light in comparison with ours. The American system can easily stand this year's prospective deficit, and next year's, too. What does matter is that, to all appearances, the President has at length decided on a really big public works plan, based on "new" money, and designed to absorb a very large number of the unemployed. The public works theory *à la* Keynes seems likely at last to get its first thorough testing this winter.

Oil and the Constitution

The Supreme Court of the United States has at last challenged the constitutionality of one of President Roosevelt's major schemes—his control over the output and selling price of petroleum. The Court has declared invalid the clause of the National Recovery Act under which this control has been carried on; and the declaration is in a form which makes it seem as if it could be applied just as well to a good many more of the President's emergency schemes. Congress handed over to the President an undefined and practically unlimited power to control the oil industry in whatever way he chose; and the Supreme Court has ruled that this unlimited delegation of authority is inconsistent with the "separation of powers" on which the American Constitution theoretically rests. Doubtless, it will be quite easy for the President to get round the Court's decision by causing Congress to vote him more explicit powers. But he may be kept busy amending past legislation, when he wants to be making new laws, if other acts of Congress are challenged on the same grounds. Among the parts of his authority that might be affected are not only his power to regulate agricultural production and to frame or approve industrial codes under the N.R.A., but also his discretionary power to raise or lower tariff duties without appealing to Congress for approval. But the President will probably go on his way not greatly perturbed, in the confidence that Congress can be relied upon to give him what powers he wants, even if the attitude of the Supreme Court does compel him to define them more exactly than he has done hitherto.

M. Flandin and the Bank of France

M. Flandin, having got his Wheat and Wine Acts safely through the French Parliament, is now addressing himself to other urgent questions. The more grandiose projects of constitutional amendment have been definitely dropped since M. Doumergue came to grief over them; but a number of secondary adjustments are to be made, within the limits of what can be done without "going to Versailles." The legislative rights and opportunities of private members will be curtailed, and the power of the Government over parliamentary time increased. But more immediately important than these political changes is the reorientation of French financial policy which is

expected to follow M. Moret's resignation from the Governorship of the Bank of France. Hitherto, the Bank has been sternly deflationary, not merely to the degree required for the immediate conservation of the gold standard, but absolutely and fanatically. M. Flandin, however, believes in moderate expansionism in internal finance as fully compatible with the country remaining on gold. He is said to intend to increase the short-term borrowing powers of the Government, by enabling it to borrow from the commercial banks, and so more easily finance its projects without forcing up long and middle term interest rates. And he may also propose changes in the statutes of the Bank of France so as to enable it to engage effectively in open-market operations. At all events, M. Moret has resigned, and there is no doubt that his departure is due to his objection to M. Flandin's projects, or that these include a sharp reversal of the Bank of France's deflationary policy.

Shorter Hours ?

The meetings announced some weeks ago between the Minister of Labour and the T.U.C. and the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations have now been definitely fixed. Mr. Stanley proposes to ask the Trade Unions and the employers, not together but apart, about their respective attitudes to proposals to reduce the hours of labour in order to help towards the absorption of the unemployed. For the most part, it is easy enough to guess the answers. The Trade Unions will say that they are wholeheartedly in favour, provided that existing weekly earnings are fully maintained and there is no excessive speeding up of the pace of work. The employers will say that nothing can be done, except in isolated cases where hours can be reduced without a reduction in output, unless wages are reduced too. Mr. Stanley will then ask the Trade Unions whether they are prepared to accept some reductions in earnings, if the employers will meet them half way. This the Trade Unions will refuse. The practical result will probably be to reduce hours in a few cases where this can be done without loss of output. That means cases where work can be speeded up. But if output is maintained despite the shorter hours, where do the unemployed come in ? Not at all, as far as we are able to see. Reduction of hours could only be a way of combating unemployment under Capitalism if it could be applied internationally. But when this was attempted through the I.L.O., the British Government was among the most obstructive opponents of the plan.

The Banks in 1934

The bankers, like the industrialists, have had a somewhat better year. Bank profits are up all round, though not by a great deal ; and there is no difficulty in keeping dividends at last year's level and putting by somewhat increased sums for the future. On the face of the matter, it is remarkable that the big banks should be able to pay from 15 to 18 per cent. on their capital at a time when interest rates are very low and opportunities scarce for the remunerative use of short-term funds in either loans or discounts. A banking system that can achieve such results has certainly mastered the secret of prosperity in good and bad times alike. Of course, bank capital forms so small a part of the resources with which the banks operate that high dividends need not mean very large aggregate profits. The sufferers when interest rates are low are not the bank shareholders, but the owners of deposit accounts, to whom the banks pass on the decline in their revenue from loans. By now, rates on country deposits have been sharply reduced ; and, with bank staffs curtailed and paid less, the banks are in a thoroughly solvent, as well as highly liquid, condition. Those who criticise the British banking system do so, not on the ground that it is badly managed from the standpoint of the bankers, but rather on the ground that, in order to put the shareholders on velvet, it refuses to take risks which are necessary for the revival of industry and employment.

The Case of Rakosi

To discover a new form of injustice and persecution would seem almost impossible in Europe to-day. Yet in sanctioning a new trial of Rakosi the Hungarian Government appears to have achieved this remarkable feat. Rakosi was a member of the short lived Bela Kun Communist Government of Hungary in 1919. In 1926 he was tried for having organised a Communist party and sentenced to eight and a half years penal servitude. He has survived his sentence and, instead of being released, is now to be tried again. He is accused on five accounts for which death is the probable punishment. The charges are that as a member of the Bela Kun Government he is responsible for actions which it took as a revolutionary Government and which, if it is considered not to have been a government, were illegal. Thus he is charged with high treason in taking part in the Bela Kun Government and for instigating and leading a continuous mutiny ; he is made personally responsible, as a minister, for death sentences passed by the revolutionary tribunals ; he is accused of forgery because the Bela Kun Government printed money. It is to be hoped that the Hungarian Government, which is having a reshuffle at the moment, will decide that it is not after all worth while to incur the odium of an act which the world would regard as mere petty vengeance.

A Good Thing Gone Wrong

The Prime Minister's peculiar oratorical gifts were once more illustrated in his message to the Federation of Conservative and Unionist Associations at Edinburgh. He said :

> The difficulties of the times make integration and concentration essential for every people. That is the true Socialism, as it is also the true Nationalism—and, for that matter, the true Individualism.

In fact, Nationalism is Socialism, and Socialism is Conservatism, and as long as we do nothing none of us can be accused of contravening our principles. The Federated Conservatives, however, did not appreciate being called true Socialists, and to reject the motion calling for the end of the " National Front " the Chairman had to use his casting vote. Incidentally, Mr. MacDonald seems to fancy himself as the British Garbo ; it is hardly possible now to visit a cinema without seeing him expressing vague hopes for the future or pointing out the architectural beauties of his Lossiemouth home. Unfortunately, these appearances are often received by the audience with laughter, whistling, and a most unpleasing cynicism.

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THE PACT OF ROME

THE news from Rome this week is certainly encouraging, though it hardly warrants the dithyrambs with which it has been hailed in some quarters. Signor Mussolini himself on Monday night uttered a warning against exaggerated optimism. The agreement signed by him and M. Laval falls far short, as we predicted it would, of what was originally proposed or hoped for. On its European side, indeed, this pact looks to be little more than another pious aspiration. It registers the intention of France and Italy to consult together in the event of a threat to Austria's independence. That, incidentally, and more than that, they were already pledged to do under the Covenant of the League, and again by their joint declaration, in which Great Britain also was associated, last year. Besides this, the central European States are to be recommended to conclude a mutual pact of non-interference with each other's territories and political or social regime. Italy, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia will be expected to sign this in the first instance, and thereafter it will be open to France, Poland and Roumania to come in. Here, it seems, are all or most of the component parts of the original plan. But they do not stick, and may never stick, together. Germany's reactions are still uncertain, and so are those of other States whose adherence is important, if not essential.

The African settlement is more definite, since there the two principals were not hampered by anything more serious than questions of morality and the rights of black men. Italy has not got all she demanded; but Mussolini, we are told, has been content to make sacrifices in the cause of peace. The sacrifices, however, leave him with a tolerably good bag of gains. The privileged status of Italian nationals in Tunisia is to be continued for a number of years. Italy will acquire a large piece of the Sahara to the south of Libya, as well as a slice off French Somaliland, with an unspecified number of native inhabitants. (No bother about a plebiscite, of course, for that change of masters!) She will also be permitted to buy two thousand or more shares in the Djibouti—Addis Ababa railway, which will give her a substantial, though not a controlling, interest in the line. All this is no doubt highly satisfactory from the point of view of improving Franco-Italian relations. As to what results it may have, in the long run as well as the short, in Africa and in Europe, for blacks and for whites, opinions are likely to differ. Is that block of railway shares, for example, the beginning of the end of Ethiopian independence? Would the subjugation of the Abyssinians be such a simple matter as some seem to think? Our own Imperialist pundits, of course, are perfectly happy. Since Great Britain has ample territory of her own in Africa, we should not grudge a little—or a lot—more to our European friends. Italy, as the *Daily Mail* informs us, "is perfectly fitted to play in Abyssinia the part which Japan is playing in Manchukuo." She does not threaten any British interest, and "our statesmen will be quite content to see her controlling the Upper Nile waters." The *Daily Express* agrees with this, but adds that "it will be important for Britain to stay in the Sudan and not yield it to Egypt, as some Egyptians would like. For Italy would do what she pleased in Egypt." Would she? Perhaps she would try; but Egypt, as we have found ourselves, is not an altogether easy nut to crack.

But let us leave these African speculations and come back to Europe, where bigger and more immediate issues are involved. It is plain that this nebulous pact of Rome is in itself no guarantee of peace. But taken as a symbol of the *rapprochement* of Italy and France, and judged by its possible or probable effects on the whole European situation, it is of the first importance. The two chief Latin Powers have long been at loggerheads. Their antagonism in the Mediterranean, as we have learned at naval conferences, has shown that water can be thicker than blood. Their policy on armaments, on treaty revision, on most of the continental problems that have vexed us year in and year out, have diverged or clashed. They have headed or supported factions—France as the champion of the sated Powers, Italy of the discontented. Now they have kissed and made it up, and though they do not pretend to see eye to eye on every point, they propose to act in unison in the attempt to introduce order into the European bear garden. For this change of heart it is, of course, Herr Hitler who is chiefly to be thanked. As the architect of Fascism in Germany he had a natural claim on the patronage of Mussolini, and so long as German foreign policy suited Italian, he could count on friendship and support from Rome. But the Nazi threat to Austria was—and is, for it still remains, though suspended for the moment—a threat to Italy. The protégé has become a naughty boy—and dangerously naughty.

The agreement with France is not, however, merely an anti-German move. Its professed aim is to bring Germany inside the pale again. On the face of it it offers no new inducements to the Germans; and the clause dealing with armaments looks, as it stands, like another warning to them. But in fact it is generally and confidently assumed that what France and Italy have in mind is a reopening of the Disarmament Conference—and in that they will certainly have the warm backing of this country as well as of most other members of the League. This would clearly be useless except on one condition—that the German claim to equality is to be satisfied. On that point the Italian and British policies have long been in agreement; German rearmament should be treated as a *fait accompli*, and all our efforts should be directed to keeping it within bounds and making it as innocuous as possible. It is the French who have been intransigent.

Now at last, it seems, there is a change of mind in France. M. Doumergue was as obstinate as he was stupid in this matter; M. Flandin will, it is expected, approach it more realistically. The French, like many other people, may continue to scoff at the peaceful professions of Hitler and his lieutenants; but they can hardly fail to see in their agreement with Italy a weightly addition to their security. It would be rash, no doubt, in present circumstances to expect anything better than a limitation and control of armaments; nothing more, apparently, is desired by Mussolini. Even that, however, if it could be achieved, would be in itself an immense gain. It would be no sure guarantee of peace; it would not settle the problems of treaty revision which must be squarely faced sooner or later. But it would presumably bring Germany back to the League of Nations, and prepare the way in a calmer atmosphere for measures of genuine disarmament and reconciliation.

THE HEALTH OF A CITY

IN 1931 the Annual Report of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Dispensary expressed grave concern "about the great increase in poverty, sickness and malnutrition amongst the poorest classes in the City." A pronouncement so serious was naturally followed by investigation by the local health authority, and the Medical Officer of Health was obliged to conclude that although the expressions in the Dispensary Report could not be proved statistically they did contain "more than an element of truth," and did "reflect the condition of many of the inhabitants of the City." And that, he holds, is as true now as it was in 1931. "Malnutrition, or its facsimile, is still present in varying degree amongst the women-folk and certain of the younger children of the unemployed." Children of school-age and infants in arms, however, are comparatively unaffected.

The difficulty confronting any M.O.H. who attempts a general survey is that our social services and the medical ancillaries based upon them do not as yet provide "an absolutely continuous and continuing surveillance" of the health of the individual citizen throughout his lifetime. There are gaps. Thus, while 75 per cent. of the infants under the age of one year in Newcastle are brought to the Infant Welfare Centres, and while almost the entire child population between the ages of five and fourteen is covered by the school medical services (for Newcastle is refreshingly free from the curse of "private" schools) it is found that only 23 per cent. of the children between the ages of one and five attend the "toddler" sessions of the Welfare Centres. It is during these four highly critical and susceptible years that the "toddler" is allowed to garner, "not inevitably, but all too often, the seeds of future invalidity or disease."

To gain some indication of the facts of malnutrition amongst these children between the ages of one and five the Newcastle Health Committee requested Dr. J. C. Spence to conduct a special inquiry. His findings, which have already been reviewed in the medical press, are now published by the Committee, together with valuable supplementary material. They deserve wide attention, for what has been done in Newcastle needs doing, and doing on a far wider scale, in most other towns. There are, of course, no universally recognised standards of measurement by which malnutrition may be assessed, a fact which partially accounts for the wide diversity of opinion about its prevalence and intensity. A certain interest attaches, therefore, to Dr. Spence's methods.

Dr. Spence examined two groups of children between the ages of one and five, one group consisting of 125 children, mostly of unemployed parents, selected by chance from the poorest areas in the city, the other group consisting of 124 children of professional parents. First of all, records were taken of weights and heights. Zones of "normal" weight and height were determined. The measurements showed that while 48 per cent. of the children from the better homes were above the normal zone of weight and 13 per cent. below it, only 11 per cent. of the children from the poor homes were above the normal and 55 per cent. were below it. Similarly with height. While 25 per cent. of the children of professional families were above the normal range and 4.8 per cent. below, only 1.7 of the poorer children were above and 47 per cent. below. Then followed a general examination of physical condition, supplemented by X-ray examination for rickets and haemoglobin tests for anaemia. Five children showed advanced active rickets, and some sixteen further showed evidence of mild recent rickets, though they could not be classified as active cases. (An interesting and possibly significant fact is that there was no gradation of results between the five cases of advanced rickets on the one hand and the complete absence of active rickets on the other.) The blood tests showed that four-fifths of the poorer children had haemoglobin values below what is usually considered normal, and that barely a quarter could be regarded as definitely anaemic.

In the light of this evidence Dr. Spence concluded:

(a) That no less than 36 per cent. of the poorer children examined were unhealthy or physically unfit, and as a result appeared malnourished.

(b) That since the high incidence of apparent malnutrition was not found in the children of better-class families it was due to preventable causes.

(c) That the youngest children were the worst sufferers. Of the age group 4-5, 14 per cent. were "unhealthy or physically unfit"; of the age group 3-4, 24 per cent.; of the group 2-3, 36 per cent.; of the group 1-2, no less than 53 per cent.

The condition of nearly half of these "unfit" children he attributed to some preceding illness. Whereas, for example, only two of the children from professional homes had suffered from pneumonia and only three from pleurisy or chronic cough, no less than seventeen of the poorer children had a history of pneumonia and thirty-two of chronic or recurrent bronchitis. Forty-six of them had a history of measles, as compared with six of the better-class children. The condition of the remainder of the "unfit" group—more than half—Dr. Spence thought directly attributable to improper and inadequate diet.

Whilst almost all of the poorer children lived under appalling housing conditions, Dr. Spence found even there a distinct correlation between health and home. Thus the "healthy" poor children came from families living at an average of 1.7 persons per room (50 per cent. of them living in one- or two-roomed tenements); the "unhealthy" poor children came from families averaging 2.6 persons to a room, with 70 per cent. of them living in one-roomed or two-roomed tenements.

Dr. Spence's final conclusion is that the main immediate cause of apparent malnutrition in young children is the physical damage wrought by infective disease, and that this disease is perpetuated chiefly by (1) housing conditions permitting mass infections; (2) improper and inadequate diet preventing satisfactory recovery.

So we have it. Housing and diet! And the other parts of the M.O.H.'s report tell the same tale. For example, we find that the case mortality in Newcastle for measles and German measles is three times as high in five overcrowded wards as in five suburban wards, and that the little children are the greatest sufferers, 69 per cent. of the total cases being below the age of five in the overcrowded wards, as compared with 35 per cent. in the suburban wards. "Under present conditions," comments the M.O.H., "these premature attacks of infectious disease, and their subsequent legacy of ill-health and disability, in many cases would appear to be the inevitable and melancholy heritage of the slum child."

There are still 63,000 persons in Newcastle alone officially "overcrowded" (living more than two to a room) and the Corporation's vast Five-Year plans will touch less than a third of these. On the higher standards laid down by the Housing Act, 1930, the number "overcrowded" is probably nearer 150,000, or more than half the total population. The Act regards one-roomed dwellings as totally inadequate. Imagine, then, a one-roomed dwelling occupied by a family of eight or more persons. The last Census showed 117 such families, comprising 985 persons, living under such conditions in Newcastle. There were 834 families, comprising 7,259 persons, living eight or more in two rooms. "That quarter of the population," says the M.O.H., "living in overcrowded circumstances supplies as much of the tuberculosis, pneumonia, broncho-pneumonia, typhoid and dysentery as the remaining three-quarters put together. The individual, the City and the Nation all pay dearly for this too dense aggregation of bodies and souls."

There are places on Tyneside and in County Durham where the housing is far worse even than in Newcastle. It is not surprising, therefore, that Captain Euan Wallace should place a comprehensive housing scheme in the forefront of any policy of public works and declare that "an estimate of 50,000 additional houses required to abate overcrowding would be on the conservative side." But it is disquieting to find this

section of Captain Wallace's report almost entirely ignored—beyond a mere sentence of summary—in the Tyneside press, even in accounts purporting to give his findings in full.

As for the other problem, that of diet, an examination, said "to understate rather than exaggerate the position," into fifteen family budgets in Newcastle showed an average weekly expenditure of 4*s*. 5¾*d*. on food per man value. At the prices prevailing at the time a diet based upon the B.M.A. ration of 3,400 calories would have cost 5*s*. 7½*d*., and even upon the niggardly Ministry of Health standard of 3,000 calories would have cost 5*s*. 1½*d*. One family was found to be spending only 2*s*. 11¾*d*. per man value in food—little more than half the standard allowance of fat and protein and barely 70 per cent. of the accepted minimum ration of carbohydrate. Even amongst employed families the expenditure sometimes fell below the Ministry's minimum, and there was a general deficiency in protein nourishment.

Another inquiry, amongst 1,450 working-class families, last winter showed that when the price of milk rose to 7*d*. the percentage using condensed milk exclusively rose from 27 to 34.5. In Durham an investigation made by Mrs. Burns amongst 1,000 families containing young children showed that 34.2 per cent. purchased no fresh milk whatever, and another 4.2 per cent. purchased only a weekly half-pint for the Sunday pudding, while the drinking of milk neat was an almost unknown habit. She found that the figures for "whole" (unskimmed) milk purchased were appallingly low, ranging from 0.25 pints to 0.05 pints per head per day. Bradbury, in investigating tuberculosis in Jarrow, put the average consumption of fresh milk at only two-thirds of a pint per person per week, and found that over half of the families he examined bought less than a pint of fresh milk per family per week. The daily consumption throughout the British Isles averages roughly half a pint per person. Sherman has calculated that children require one quart of milk each per day.

The milk scheme now in operation in the schools may well have far-reaching effects. But an immediate need is its extension to children below school age. The extension, too, of those sections of the Education Act of 1921 which permit the provision of meals for scholars so that they may apply to the pre-school child would undoubtedly, as the Newcastle M.O.H. claims, "be of inestimable importance."

ERNEST DYER

A SAAR DIARY

Saarbrücken, January 9th.

I AM spending what is rather oddly called "a busman's holiday" with several hundred other journalists looking for trouble in the Saar. That is our job. Like the undertaker the journalist lives on the world's misfortunes. But though professionally interested in violence and disaster, foreign correspondents have their own views and their own standards, and amongst most of them I found a very real pride in the part that England is playing in a great international experiment and strongly phrased resentment against those papers which cut out all but the sensational and trivial in the Saar news. They feel that only Lord Rothermere is capable of coming into the Saar one evening, grasping the whole extremely intricate situation in the course of a few hours and producing an authoritative article for his next morning's paper. They are not even inclined to acquit him on the ground that it is unlikely that he wrote the article himself. But it is the *Daily Express* that has earned the least enviable reputation. No doubt some of the annoyance felt against the *Express* by English people in the Saar is due to its treatment of the Justice episode, but there is also a very general feeling that its search for sensations and its whole attitude towards the Saar problem is calculated to let England down. A British officer took me aside and asked whether it couldn't be arranged for the *Daily Express* correspondents to be quietly bumped off! During the plebiscite itself the crush of journalists in the Saar will be immense, and a special meeting was held in the voting hall on Tuesday to explain to them how the affair would be conducted and to arrange for their accommodation. The Nazi journalists, who, poor things, can do nothing but repeat the same dictated phrases, made a demand for at least twenty seats. They were countered by an ironic comment that the German newspapers only needed one seat—for the Minister of Propaganda.

* * *

The strength and determination of the opposition to the return to Hitler's Germany has surprised the Nazis, who continue, in spite of the best efforts of the Plebiscite Commission, to exercise various types of pressure on the voters. This is all the easier, because the local authorities of Saarbrücken and of other towns in the territory are enthusiastically pro-Nazi. No one could watch the behaviour of the local police without seeing on which side lay their sympathies. All demonstrations are forbidden, but when a party of Americans (whose fares are paid by the Nazis) arrived to record their votes, a large crowd collected as if by magic and shouted their "Heil!" and sang *Deutschland Ueber Alles* and the *Horst Wessel* song for half an hour or more. The police made no effort to stop them, though journalists agreed that they would have promptly stopped an Opposition demonstration of half a dozen people. Though the local Nazi leaders are trying to keep their followers in order, newspaper sellers who sell *status quo* journals are molested and there is a systematic terrorisation of doubtful voters, who are told repeatedly that the ballot will not in fact be secret. Actually the Plebiscite Commission has taken every possible precaution for secrecy in the ballot. Mr. Knox has, I think, handled the situation as well as anyone could, but it is difficult for police to deal with private pressure, and quite impossible for them to prevent the orgy of lies in the Saar papers, over which the journalists, if not the Saarlanders, hoot with laughter. The *Einheitsfront* papers are given to pathetic exaggeration about their chances and (very real) progress, but try as they may they are poor liars in comparison with the German front papers. The *Deutsche Front* went so far as to print Laval's statement at the League Council to the effect that France would *not* oppose a later incorporation with Germany after a second Plebiscite with the omission of the really rather critical word "not"! Government by the League is said to have impoverished the Saar, whereas in fact the Saar has flourished on concessions from both her great neighbours. The lies about the economic situation take one's breath away. So does Hess's most recent statement that National Socialism takes its stand on "positive Christianity"—an effort, one supposes, to counter the bad effect amongst the Catholics of the growth of the "new heathen" gospel in Germany. But far and away the most effective Nazi propaganda was the statement issued by the Bishops of Trier and Speyer against which the Plebiscite Commission has protested. But the populace which heard the Bishops' circular read in the churches, and interpreted it as an injunction to vote for Hitler, is not likely to be greatly affected by the Commission's protest.

* * *

The two final mass meetings permitted by the Commission on Sunday were both extremely impressive in their different ways. No one could say how large the *Deutsche Front* demonstration was. No doubt it was the "tyrant Knox" (as the *Deutsche Front* says whenever anything goes wrong from their point of view) who was responsible for the weather, which certainly seemed designed to give pneumonia to quite a number of Nazi voters. In spite of sleet and snow and mud several inches deep, a vast and occasionally singing crowd trailed out to the Nazi meeting place. There may have been as many as 150,000 people in all. The German press comically put it at 350,000. One cannot count a crowd under umbrellas, and when I left the ground the view reminded me of nothing so much as a picture I once saw of a herd of elephants photographed from an aeroplane. The more sane citizens soon started to walk home, so that throughout the whole morning

there was an endless stream flowing to and from the meeting. The *Einheitsfront* meeting in the afternoon was easier to count, because it was in a stadium and stayed put. It was somewhere between 50,000 and 80,000. According to the Opposition leaders 5,000 francs had been collected amongst the rank and file to pay for food and hot milk for the children, but no dealer in Saarbrücken dared supply an *Einheitsfront* meeting. The next difficulty was the cutting off of the electric current from the town, so that there should be no loud speaker. After a long wait the current was restored (it was said by the intervention of the League Commissioner) just in time for Max Braun's speech. Braun is an impressive and courageous man, respected, I find, by all the neutrals here. The meeting ended with a solemn oath to continue the struggle against National Socialism and with an impressive service for the fallen in the war and in the political struggle. I do not know whether people in England realise how completely German the Saar is. The *status quo* party, which consists of Social Democrats, Communists and the religious Volksbund Party, put all the emphasis of their propaganda on keeping the Saar as an oasis of German freedom. The burden of their speeches is "Alles für Deutschland; alles gegen Hitler."

* * *

One could tell very little from these meetings about the probable results of the poll, for there may have been many secret dissidents in the Nazi ranks in the morning, and in any case nobody knows just how many people at either meeting were entitled to vote. All that can be said is that those who went to the afternoon meeting must be terribly sincere and determined. Every one of them is a marked man. Unlike the Nazi supporters, they had to pay their own expenses from outlying parts of the Saar to come to the meeting and to pay a franc entrance into the Stadium. It is terrifying to think what may happen to this courageous opposition after the poll. First, I have no doubt that there will be a Hitler majority, and a substantial minority. Secondly, I feel sure that there will be a large-scale persecution of the minority, even if Hitler wishes to restrain his supporters, and in spite of the international control. Thousands of young Nazis have been holding themselves in until "the day of victory." Thirdly, I think it is certain that many of the Communists will prefer any kind of desperate resistance to tame surrender. In these circumstances, it is natural that there should be much talk of a possible partition of the Saar. The League has sovereign rights in the matter. The Treaty enjoins on the Council the duty of settlement in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants. But partition will certainly be difficult. Geographically the best form of partition would be to make the Saar river the boundary and to set up an independent League buffer State between France and the Saar. But the anti-Hitler voters will come predominantly from other districts. Any partition would, therefore, seem to involve either a very difficult game of general post, or a League enclave inside Germany which would be a permanent source of friction. Nevertheless, if there is a large minority, I think partition for a period of years should be tried.

* * *

The English soldiers I talked to seem to be having a good time in a quiet way. The officers and at least one sergeant-major confessed that they were very bored and wanted to get home. The Tommies speak well of the cafés and of the girls, though one remarked that he didn't think much of them, because they were "rigged up same as the girls in Southend two years ago." The chief objection I heard from Saarlanders was, curiously enough, that the soldiers carried "riding whips." They were not appeased by being told that these were swagger canes, which were a sign of disarmament—an off-duty part of the uniform. They did not, they said, mind rifles, but thought canes suggested a *de haut en bas* attitude; they were being treated, they complained, like "colonials!" The best remark I heard of from an English soldier was made by a sergeant. He was watching the rising temper of the Nazi and *Einheitsfront* processions when they met for a moment near the station. There was almost a scuffle in the snow. "If they're not careful," he said, "they'll be throwing snowballs at each other next!" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss J. Links.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

For us that career began much earlier than 1908, when he was elected Member of Parliament for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire; it began at Harrow, where this unique personality entered the main stream of English tradition.

He has himself said: "When the call came to me to form a Government, one of my first thoughts was that it should be a Government of which Harrow should not be ashamed."

Stanley Baldwin has clung desperately—instinctively—to that thought throughout his political career.—Article in *The Near East*.

The figure of Lindbergh in the eyes of millions has become sublime as Hamlet.—*Daily Express* leader.

Mr. Gould and I are both on guard to challenge entry into the domain of letters.—Mr. James Agate in the *Daily Express*.

Every car-owner who drove in a large town during the Christmas shopping week must have been impressed, as I was, by the dazed manner in which scores of people wandered about the streets. I am convinced that they were dazed and exhausted after their shopping activities and were not really safe to be allowed out alone.—Motoring Correspondent in *Sunday Times*.

It has always surprised me that the advocates of raising the school-leaving age do not consider the best time for starting a boy at any employment. Experience shows that the best time is well before puberty has begun, that is, when he is amenable to discipline and instruction, somewhere between 11 and 13. From about 14 to 17 a boy develops, besides self-consciousness and sensitiveness, a natural lassitude which makes it practically impossible for him to apply himself to daily routine.—Letter in the *Times*.

The man in the foreign hotel who lends you his *Times* or borrows your own can nearly always be trusted as one of your own sort.—*The Tablet*.

FLAT EARTH

THE most persistent modern advocate of the theory that the earth is flat has died during the week at the age of 73. He seems by all accounts to have been a considerably cleverer man than many of those who believe that the earth is round. He invented among other things a free-wheel bicycle and an automatic weighing machine, and few of us could do that. According to the *Times*, his belief in the flatness of the earth was hereditary. At the age of twenty, Henry Edgell took an oath to his dying father that he would not only maintain the flatness of the earth but prove it. Faithful to his promise he spent the next fifty-three years of his life looking for the necessary evidence. "In order to study the night stars," says the *Times*, "Edgell never went to bed but slept in a chair. He erected a steel tube in his garden pointing towards the Pole Star, which was visible through it, and he evolved the theory of a flat basin-shaped earth, with the sun moving north and south across it. He contended that the Pole Star was only 5,000 miles away and that the sun was only ten miles in diameter." Whether he proved any of these things we are not told, but he certainly was not a man who spared himself in the cause of science.

I imagine that he must have been one of the happiest men of his time. How fortunate is the man who at the age of twenty knows exactly what he wants to do with his life and

keeps on doing it, undisappointed, to the end. Many young men of twenty think that they know what they want to do with their lives: they have lofty ambitions—sometimes, ideals—in politics or business, but only a fraction of them remain undisappointed to the end. Some of them fail to achieve their ambitions, and so are disappointed. Others achieve their ambitions, and so are disappointed. I doubt whether successful people are on the whole so unhappy as is sometimes made out, but I fear that few successful people are so happy as Mr. Edgell with his steel tube pointed at the Pole Star. He had aimed at the impossible and so made it certain that he would spend his whole life travelling without ever arriving. He was never to know the disillusion of success.

It may be contended that his life was spent in silliness, but his ends were no sillier than Don Quixote's. He undoubtedly set out to do the world good—to rescue it from the plight into which it had been thrown by the general acceptance of the pernicious round-earth theory. And is there not something to be said for the view that the belief in the rotundity of the earth has done mankind little good? Ever since man has come to believe that he is an inhabitant of a world which is not flat but round, he has been more and more consumed with vanity. He feels no longer that he is a dweller on an insignificant floor of mud, roofed by a sky that supports Heaven, and with an enormous Hell burning in the basement. He sees himself instead as one who is being charioted round the sun on a golden star and wheeled like a monarch through the wide spaces of the universe. One would have imagined that round-earth man would necessarily have been more modest than flat-earth man, since the later theory makes him relatively a mere speck in the scheme of things; but he does not see himself as a speck; he sees himself as a mind enlarged to include the whole universe of the stars. He is not merely the inhabitant but the owner of a larger world, and he has acquired the ownership by his own intellectual effort. After all, the flat-earth man attributed his knowledge not to his own cleverness but to divine revelation.

The immodesty of the round-earthers has taken many strange forms in its time, all of them increasing the egoism natural to man. Never for a moment did the races of men pause to say: "This is a very pretty planet on which we dwell—a little on the small side perhaps, but admirably suited to being cultivated as a garden. Let us set to work and make it a place of perpetual and universal delight." Poisoned with knowledge, they came to believe, not in such pleasant prettification, but in progress. They felt that it was beneath the dignity of the inhabitants of a round earth to dream of a Golden Age, and set themselves to use every scientific device for the expression of an egoism worthy of their new place in the universe. They put children in unholy factories, and the premature deaths of the children were treated lightly as incidents in the march of progress. Their chemists invented new instruments for mutual destruction, justifying man's place in the universe by their endeavours. Splendidly self-satisfied, man told himself that every day in every way the world was getting better and better, and looked back pityingly on the time when his ancestors believed that the earth was flat as the Dark Ages.

Humanitarianism struggled gallantly against this theory of progress, which was justified by many men of remarkable intellect, and attempted to divert the stream of progress from its destructive course. It struggled not without effect, but the egoism of the man of the new age was seldom defeated for long. In our own time it achieved a world war. A little later it achieved a world peace. At present, it is doing its best to achieve the dismemberment of the world to such a point that each member will have an independent existence, a limb cut off from the blood-stream that should flow through the whole.

Was it altogether crazy of Mr. Edgell to conclude that the world had not greatly benefited from the acceptance of the theory that the earth is round, and that men might become saner if they believed the evidence of their eyes and reverted to the ancient theory that the earth was, on the whole, flat?

I am not a dogmatic supporter of Mr. Edgell, but it seems to me that his theory is at least as capable of proof as some of the theories propounded by round-earthers to-day. The Germans, for example, I understand, are round-earthers to a man, and would laugh uproariously at a flat-earther as an out-of-date crank. I am not sure, however, that a belief in the flatness of the earth is a whit crazier than a belief in a pure Aryan stock. I fancy that the German, like the flat-earther, first accepts his theory as true and only afterwards sets out to prove it. Has he ever discovered any evidence in favour of the existence of a pure Aryan stock better than the evidence for the flatness of the earth which Mr. Edgell discovered by pointing his steel tube at the Pole Star? These round-earth theories of race are surely often as fantastic as any primitive myth. Nordic man as a myth is no advance on that race of men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders. There is the difference, however, that whereas flat-earth man could believe fantastic rubbish about foreigners, round-earth man in his egoism can believe fantastic rubbish about himself.

I must not allow myself to overstate the case for the flat-earthers, however. The flat-earther was human and, therefore, fallible. He was neither a saint nor a genius. At the same time, it may be fairly claimed for him that he was incapable of believing in many of the superstitions that are prevalent to-day. He was incapable of believing, for example, that if you destroy or limit the food-supply, everybody will have more to eat. He was incapable of believing that the best way to help trade is to hinder it. He was incapable of believing that men are freest when you put them in chains. He was incapable of believing that, if you wish to fit men to play their part in the world, the first thing you must do is to cut them off from all knowledge of it. In fine, the flat-earther was a fairly shrewd fellow. He knew enough, when it rained, to get in out of the wet.

I am afraid, however, that, now that Mr. Edgell has gone, the chance of proving that the earth is flat has become an extremely remote one. Dreamers will toil on at the great task of identifying this or that people with the Lost Ten Tribes. Others will devote their giant industry to proving that everything evil that happens is the work of an international Jewish conspiracy. Others will spend laborious days and nights in discovering by means of the Greek alphabet that some notorious statesman's name more or less accords with the Number of the Beast in *Revelations*. A few, more humble, will be content to pass their days in the pursuit of new ciphers to prove that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. For some reason or other, however, the flat earth has lost much of its appeal to the modern world. Scarcely anybody any longer, except a few physical geographers, care whether the earth is flat or not. The ordinary man has become a pessimist in the matter. He tells himself that, when the earth was flat, it was bad, and that, when it became round, it was no better. He suspects that the secret of prosperity lies somewhere else than in the shape of a lump of mud and water. I think he is right, but I envy the convinced flat-earthers all the same. They have at least found the secret of individual happiness. They belong to the same company as Don Quixote and my Uncle Toby.

Y. Y.

SEX, MARRIAGE AND LOVE

FORTY years ago, one might have gone the round of the respectable bookshops of London without finding a single book dealing with the physical relations of the sexes. The police, from time to time, seized certain sealed packets passing through the post—packets which contained a little simple anatomical and physiological information—and prosecuted the senders for indecency. A few ill-printed books and booklets about "sex"—from the Works of Aristotle to the Confessions of an Escaped Nun—were semi-clandestinely offered for sale in back streets off the Strand. But these publications were

generally regarded, even by the "progressive" minded, as mere brothel literature. Practically everyone regretted the existence and circulation of these books, but free-thinking people urged that this was the price we had to pay for the superstitious secrecy and moral cowardice which were the outstanding characteristics of respectability's attitude towards sex. If this taboo were lifted, and frankness took its place, they alleged, no one would want to bother his head about a perfectly natural phenomenon, the outward manifestation of a universal instinct.

The ban has been lifted, and few people would contend that there is much secrecy about sex to-day. But the result of this "frankness" has not been in accordance with prophecy. Look at the booksellers' windows; look even at the table in front of me, where are piled for my contemplation four books,* any one of which would have made a Holywell Street bookseller of 1890 wonder what had happened to the police. Here are books giving detailed instructions whereby coitive pleasure may be increased; others which tell with helpful precision how to make coition fruitless—even how, by the process of abortion, chance defects in contraceptive practice may be made good. All very frank and unashamed.

The birth-control issue is, outside the Roman Catholic Church, no longer one on which words need be wasted. The contraceptionists have won their battle, and established their regime. It is now a mere matter of relative efficiency; and any reader of *Sex Ethics*, of Mrs. Bromley's *Birth Control*, or of Dr. Griffith's *Modern Marriage*, can learn therefrom pretty much all that is at present known about contraceptive technique.

In the first and most valuable of these books (written, as it is, primarily for doctors, by four distinguished surgeons on the consulting staff of the Chelsea Hospital for Women), sex problems are naturally and rightly dealt with purely from the hygienic and physiological point of view—all ethical, aesthetic and religious considerations being treated as irrelevant. The title of the book is therefore a little unfortunate; but the word "Ethics" has, in medical circles, a "jargon" meaning very different from its usual and traditional one. In this volume, contraceptive technique is lucidly expounded, and methods of sterilisation are explained; whilst a good deal of space is devoted to the describing of methods of inducing abortion, and to a consideration of the occasions on which, from a medical point of view, such procedure may be regarded as good treatment. But the dangers and lethal possibilities of this major operation—so enthusiastically advocated by many modern sentimentalists who know nothing about it—are here pointed out by men who, having no conventional prejudices, have come to certain conclusions from being constantly faced with the problems involved in fighting death and disease. Their final verdict is that the induction of abortion "is an operation attended with a definite mortality, and a much higher and prolonged morbidity, even when carried out under perfect conditions." They characterise it as "one of the most dangerous operations in surgery."

This book, as I have said, is intended for the instruction of doctors. The other books I have mentioned are intended for the edification of the "general reader." The fact that books such as these are being published in great numbers shows that they meet a public demand. Whilst it would be interesting to discover the nature, age, and sex, of this special public, in search of coital instruction, it must be presumed that at least part of the demand comes from those who are seeking for information necessary to their happiness—information to which, from any sane point of view, they are entitled. I take it that most of us in these days are agreed that there is no case for withholding from anyone interested information about the normal events of human life, so far as they have been discovered. The case for broadcasting the revelations of the pathological laboratory and the mortuary is not quite so obvious. I do not pretend to be unprejudiced in this or in any other department of everyday life. I do not believe that whatever is "natural" is humanly desirable. As a doctor, I am called upon to contemplate and to handle many things that I think are unpleasant and unclean—things from contact with which the general public is rightly exempt. I do not mind dealing with these things, because I have been specially trained to deal with them for ulterior ends. When I begin to gloat over them and to take direct sensuous pleasure in handling them, I shall know that a fundamental and—as I think—degenerative change has taken place in me.

But there is another issue, raised by some of these authors, which seems to me important. A great point is made by Dr. Van de Velde and Dr. Griffith of the fact that they discuss—to quote from the blurb on Dr. Griffith's book-jacket—"not only the technique of birth control but also (what is quite as necessary) the technique of the physical relationship." Who are they who need this instruction? If they are many; then it would indeed seem possible that the notable fall in our birth-rate is—as has been suggested—due rather to the progressive infertility of civilised men and women than to the deliberate adoption of contraceptive measures. Is "loss of appetite and potency" so widespread that information must be circulated as to means whereby desire may be artificially restored or simulated? Have we indeed reached that stage of biological decadence when, as Dr. Van de Velde tells us, we must look upon "marriage as a task" and must "constantly work at ourselves to improve our own marriage fitness"—even by using spirit washes and by increasing the height of our shoe heels "to increase our sexual attractiveness." There is in all this an echo of the old Arcades and Promenades; of paints and senile pawings; that to me is singularly unpleasant. The aesthetics of the New Sexology is apparent in such "comic" hints as that "much romantic charm is added to love by the subdued light of a bedside lamp."

Take again the chapter in Dr. Griffith's book called "The Hymen." I expect it is because I have what Mr. Claude Mullins (who contributes, as also do Lord Horder and Canon Pym, a foreword to Dr. Griffith's book) calls "a Victorian mind," but I cannot see that anyone is the better or the wiser for these dissecting-room chats, this anatomical exhibitionism? To put the thing at its lowest, what gustator could gain increased pleasure through his awareness of the ups and downs of his intestinal loops?

For my own part (and I know what a prig and what a prude I must sound) I think that the conscious and deliberate pursuit of sensual pleasure through the instrumentality of sex is sheer blasphemy, and a denial of all spiritual meaning in human life. I agree with Thoreau that, as lovers, "unless we meet religiously, we profane one another." So far as the simpler phenomena are concerned, I sympathise with Montaigne's philosopher who "being taken with the deed, was demanded, what he did: answered very mildly, *I plant man*, blushing no more being found so napping than if he had bin taken setting of garlike"; rather than with Sir Thomas Browne who "Could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition, the foolishest act a wise man commits all his life." Any reader deriving his notions from some books I have lately seen in "cultivated" drawing-rooms might, however, well come to Sir Thomas Browne's conclusion.

HARRY ROBERTS

* *Sex Ethics*. By J. Ellison, A. Goodwin, C. D. Read and L. C. Rivett. Bailliere Tindall and Cox. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Fit or Unfit for Marriage. By Th. H. Van de Velde. Chapman and Hall. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Birth Control. Its Use and Misuse. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Harpers. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Modern Marriage and Birth Control. By E. F. Griffith. Gollancz. 5*s*.

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DEATH CONTROL

Five thousand two hundred and eighty-eight persons were killed, and one hundred and seventy-six thousand, two hundred and sixty-seven injured in motor accidents in the United Kingdom from March 11th to November 22nd, 1934. Ministry of Transport.

The Indian takes his man-child, if
It's born mis-shapen or badly bandy,
And drops it from the nearest cliff
Or in the Ganges if it's handy;
His female offspring far and wide
Are objects of infanticide.

The Dyaks of the Southern Seas
In Borneo's tropic paradises
Their babies neither squash nor squeeze,
A purge of elders there suffices;
Depopulation is assured
By pelting grandpa with the gourd.

While we, to such dark deeds averse,
Who sob to see the sparrow perish,
Who infancy and dotage nurse
And imbeciles and felons cherish,
Wheeled traffic commonly employ
Superfluous thousands to destroy.

For, as beneath the non-skid tyre
And cars of British manufacture,
Infants and ancestors expire
Of simple shock and compound fracture,
We overcrowding circumvent
By means that look like accident.

Too many still, through bad technique,
Are left dismembered though surviving,
But what we ultimately seek
Is fatal, but not dangerous, driving
Until with more progressive speed,
All casualties are guaranteed.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

FRANCIS BIRRELL

SIR,—Your admirable obituary notice of Francis Birrell necessarily says little or nothing of what made Frankie a delight to his friends. He was one of those fortunate people whom everyone laughed with and everyone laughed at. True it is that his journalism was better than his books and his conversation better than either; true that his talk was clever, witty, informed and immensely vivacious; but that does not quite explain his popularity. I have never known anyone, almost incapable of flattery, as he was, so universally liked. Everyone loved him, his old Eton and Cambridge friends, intellectuals and athletes, fine ladies and philosophers, French workmen and English *demi-mondaines*. Soon after the war I introduced him to my brother, a professional soldier and Conservative Member of Parliament; Frankie made no attempt to conceal the fact that he had been a conscientious objector and was a Socialist; they got on like one o'clock from the first and remained touchingly fond of each other to the end. We were staying together in Venice when it was suggested to him—by Ian Fleming, I think—that he should take part in a golf tournament on the Lido. Frankie appears to have been the life and soul of the party; what is more, despite his habit of snatching off his enormous, dirty black hat and rushing after his ball as soon as he had hit it, he won, but characteristically tore up his card, feeling that he had been handicapped on looks rather than form. I think the secret of his charm was that he combined with intelligence, high spirits and a fine sense of humour, extraordinary goodness. All these qualities shone out in his slightly fantastic but winning countenance. Everything about him was characteristic. His very shabbiness was expressive. But it was his profound goodness—goodness I need hardly say untainted with priggishness or sanctimony—which seasoned all. I think his was the most lovable character I have ever known. CLIVE BELL

THE SPANISH RISING

SIR,—I am not exactly edified by the fact that when certain baseless charges which you have thought fit to make are flatly denied or questioned, you should seek to prop them up by pointing to a letter which proves nothing at all, and which has been written several weeks after you printed your accusations.

Unfortunately, Lord Listowel, who signs that letter, is not a reliable authority on Spanish affairs. That is the only point shown by his contribution. If his information about the alleged "excesses" said to have been committed by Arab soldiers in Oviedo is as accurate as his spelling of Spanish proper names, I am afraid that his evidence cannot be taken seriously. Sunday October 14th, was the very day on which the Moorish troops occupied the city after much hard fighting with the rebels, and I am not at all surprised to hear that there were some innocent victims. The responsibility for their death rests fully, in any case, upon those who prepared and led the revolution; that is, with the Socialist and extremist leaders.

The rest of Lord Listowel's letter only shows a devastating ignorance about contemporary Spain. His assertions about Señor Gil Robles, who is not in the Government, asking "for power to legislate by decree"; or about "clerical fascism"—whatever that may be—or about the above-named leader's "one-point political programme" simply move one to hilarity.

Lord Listowel affirms that I am writing and speaking on behalf of Señor Gil Robles and of the present Spanish Government. I am sure that the Government would be the first surprised to hear this, and as to Señor Gil Robles's interests, all I have done is to deny, on his authority, a statement which you, Sir, made against him and his party. But if my humble attempts to throw light on Spanish affairs can be considered as grounds for Lord Listowel's reference to me, I can only say that I feel deeply honoured. LUIS A. BOLIN

SIR,—In company with Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Owen Morgan and an interpreter, I spent the Christmas recess in Spain. Part of the time we were in Madrid, part in the Asturias. We have collected a mass of information about the atrocities committed by Moorish troops and the Legionnaries after they had entered Oviedo, and by Civil Guards, prison guards, and the Guardia de Asalto upon helpless prisoners, in the three months of repression which have followed the fighting. This information was given to us by persons whom we saw in prison—Deputies, Trade Unionists, journalists, teachers, students, artists—and by member after member of the general public whom we engaged in conversation in the train, in cafés and in hotels.

But lest our testimony be regarded as biased, and since Mr. Jerrold describes the questions of Señor Marcos Miranda in the Cortes as "irrelevant" (although I have not fathomed why he uses that term) may I refer to the protest issued by Señor F. Gordon Ordas, who was recently a Cabinet Minister and a member of Lerroux's own party?

Señor Ordas himself visited Asturia and on his return made strenuous attempts to force the Government to allow a debate on the subject in the Cortes, or at least to permit him to make a statement under the Spanish "Ten Minutes' rule." His request was refused and he then published a direct attack on the Prime Minister, accusing him of complicity in, and responsibility for, the excesses. In his statement he quotes case after case of atrocities perpetrated not in the heat of battle, but on defenceless prisoners. Amongst his charges are:—

1. Shooting of prisoners in the Pelayo barracks in Oviedo and executions in private houses in many places.
2. The beating to death of two prisoners on October 15th in the Civil Guard barracks at Pola de Gordón.
3. The removal from jail and subsequent murder of twenty prisoners in Sama on November 25th, five days after the town had been entered by the troops.
4. The murder in Oviedo Police station on November 27th of a distinguished journalist, Luis de Sirval.
5. The beating of prisoners in one of the two barracks in Mieris, as a result of which one of them died on December 7th.
6. Maltreatment of prisoners without distinction of age or sex in Sabero, Benbibre, Pola de Gordón, León, Barruelo, Guardo and Mieris.

7. Forcing of the prisoners to sign declarations that they had not been maltreated.

In the meantime the repression goes on with relentless ferocity. More than 40,000 political prisoners crowd the jails of Spain. Many of them only learned the charge upon which they had been arrested during the last days of December. May I commend to those who read this letter the families of the men and women who have been imprisoned as well as of those 7,000 who have died in an epic struggle to gain not only economic freedom, but spiritual and intellectual liberty?

LEAH MANNING

9 Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

HOUSING FINANCE

SIR,—The Chairman of the Flintshire Labour Party has tabled a motion for the next meeting of the County Council, that the local authority should start an extensive housing scheme, and in order to finance this should request the Government to issue a fresh amount of currency and lend the County this to pay for the work as it proceeds. The repayment of this (non-interest bearing) would be spread over a term of years (say twenty-five), and as it is repaid that amount of currency would be destroyed or withdrawn.

The argument is that the amount of currency issued is based on property in possession of the Government or the Bank of England—hitherto gold, which does not deteriorate. There is no reason why, when a public authority is creating fresh values, an additional amount of currency should not be issued, provided that as the fresh values deteriorate a corresponding amount of currency be withdrawn or destroyed. There is an additional reason for such additional issue in the case of new houses as these are revenue producing, and this revenue would eventually wipe out the additional issue.

The argument against such a proposal, one would presume, is that it is a measure of inflation which is attended by certain evils; in particular, a rise in prices. This is doubtful when there is a definite creation of fresh wealth; and in any case, even if other local authorities followed suit, equilibrium would soon be reached as repayments came in, and currency was withdrawn.

The benefits would be—primarily, that local authorities would be relieved of the continually increasing load of interest-bearing loans in connection with housing schemes. As an example, it is computed that for the building of a central school recently, which cost £22,000, the Flintshire authority will have paid back ultimately £53,000 in loans and interest. Secondly, the housing problem would be at once solved. The authority could build and let houses at 4½ per cent., or, if the repayment was spread over forty years, at 3 per cent. (a margin being allowed for upkeep), and really cheap and well-built houses would be at the disposal of the workers. One might prophesy that eventually all house-building would be centred in the local authority, to the immense advantage of the community. Thirdly, it would mean an important contribution towards the unemployment problem.

The proposal bears some resemblance to the successful Wörgl experiment on which you published an article last year, Sir, and which one gathers has been squashed by the Fascist regime in Austria.

The Flintshire Labour Party would be glad to hear criticisms or suggestions from any of your readers. In particular they would like to know if anything of the kind has been proposed either here or in other countries.

There is no reason why both Liberals and Conservatives should not support the motion. But even if it is carried the party have no hope that the present Government would listen favourably to the proposal. Still, if the scheme will bear examination it could be publicly discussed, and one would hope that the next Labour Government would put it, or something similar, into operation.

Hawarden. ARTHUR LYON

(Chairman, Deeside Labour Group)

THE LOGIC OF PACIFISM

SIR,—Dr. Sheppard has at last succeeded in focusing attention upon the real issue with which the signatories to his appeal will be ultimately faced. To renounce war in peace time involves no real decision; to renounce war in war time places one sharply in contest with the State.

A necessary service is thus performed by Dr. Sheppard, not only to himself but also to the cause of Peace, by stripping Pacifism of the sentimental and joining it to the fundamental. One cannot hope that more than a small minority of these "tens of thousands" can have visualised the real demands on the occasion when their pledges will be redeemed. For the renunciation of war, now, can have no other meaning than the renunciation of patriotism in war time. To be a non-patriot in peace time is to be merely progressive or idealistic; to be a non-patriot in war time is to gain an uglier appellation.

No country ever went to war except in defence of either its boundaries, its culture, its racial pride, or its women and children. The state of war gives the government of the day complete power over its nationals, even to the point of subjecting their minds to accept the State's interpretation of patriotism. Individual members are not allowed in war time to vote for or pledge anything except in the interest of the State. To attempt to redeem an anti-war pledge under such circumstances is to be guilty of jeopardising the safety of the State; and to be guilty of jeopardising the safety of the State in war time results in something more than mere ostracism.

Let there be no mistake about the logic of this. Those of us who have already accepted this possibility and made unqualified decisions on this aspect know precisely all the possible commitments. But when we see the advertised figures of responses to the curiously worded original appeal (and which have so gladdened the heart of Dr. Sheppard) we wish that the appeal might have been put in much less equivocal and more startlingly realistic terms. The measure of their actual opposition to war could then be more surely assessed.

Dr. Sheppard is to be congratulated on his belated effort to get his supporters to face up to the logic of what they have done. It is not too late for him to get a revised pledge in the new terms. But one wonders whether the figures would be worth publishing.

For the new pledge involves much more than a passive avoidance of the circumstances of war. There must be no support to any kind of activity during the process of war. For when one is against war, and the State is at war, one must be against the State. Even such decisions as to the nursing of wounded, involving as it does their reproduction as State units of destruction, or the payment of Income Tax to enable the State to buy war materials, have to be made now and not at a time when issues are distorted by emotional appeal.

If this consensus of Pacifist feeling could be converted into a consolidated anti-war determination, repeatedly pledged, to renounce not only war but also all the State demands on allegiance in time of war, it would be more truly reflective of a new spirit which might ultimately prevent war.

Passive Pacifism is not enough to guarantee that "Patriotism is not enough" when the crisis arises.

17 Oaklands Road, ARTHUR F. GREENAWAY

East Sheen, S.W.14.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN

SIR,—It is surely ridiculous that children should only be catered for in the theatres at Christmas time, and even more ridiculous that the Christmas pantomimes should be practically the only attempt to provide entertainment positively suitable for children. Books and magazines for children are now numerous and, on the whole, good. Many libraries make excellent arrangements for children and they are justified by the children's response. But there are practically no films really suitable for children however many there may be which are not unsuitable. It is almost impossible to find a play suitable for children at all until the Christmas season, and then most of the pantomimes are not designed for children. Similarly no attempt is made to provide regular, good concerts for children. Is it surprising, then, to find (as was found by an inquiry into the reading and other interests of school children in St. Pancras, conducted by Mary Ward Settlement two years ago) that children find most of their entertainment fare in cinemas; that their preferences in films are, to say the least, discouraging to those who would like to see an improvement in the films offered to the public; that the majority of them have never been to a theatre, except with school parties to see Shakespeare; and that concerts are never mentioned? When there are, relatively, so few people to promote new movements it is inevitable that some should be overlooked, but it would seem that some of the energy which has been devoted to better education for children might be diverted to better entertainment for children. That is to say, entertainment which will stimulate their intelligence, imagination and sympathy.

Finance is, of course, the problem. The Children's Theatre

had to close down because it could not pay its way without raising its prices and excluding the large majority of children. Exhibitors cannot hire those few special films which are available for children's performances because the children only pay 2*d*.—6*d*.; and producers will not produce special films for children until they can see a market which will repay them. It is sometimes argued that there is no child public for special plays, films and concerts; that children would not go to them if they were arranged. But where experiments have been organised by representative local committees the audiences have been created and the children have enjoyed themselves so long as the organisers have conscientiously set out to entertain them and have not tried to give them lessons out of school hours.

As Mr. Farjeon writes: "The time is more than ripe for a real experimental children's theatre." But it probably could not run regular shows throughout the year. Similarly with children's films and concerts. What are needed are permanent centres devoted entirely to children's entertainments so that performances, etc., could be given when the children could attend and the halls could be designed and decorated specially for children. Could not a hall be found, for example, in North-west London? Call it, let us say, the Play Box. It should present plays, films, concerts and puppet shows, and arrange dances and games for children. It should have two large halls, one for plays and films and the other to serve as a large foyer where the children could sit or play in the intervals of the performances, and where dancing and games could be arranged for certain evenings. The organisation, management and stewarding could be done voluntarily, and cost of performances could be kept low by calling on good amateurs at the outset. But the goal should be a professional, self-supporting, permanent staff and theatre company (at least). The need for such a scheme is obvious. There are many difficulties of detail, but I believe that with the support of those who want better plays, better films and better music for children they could be overcome.

55 Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1. WILLIAM FARR

VOLUNTARY STERILISATION

SIR,—I am astonished that no voice has yet been heard in opposition to the proposals for voluntary sterilisation as initiated in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION three weeks ago. On eugenic grounds a good case can doubtless be made out for the compulsory sterilisation of defectives. But as a normal method of birth control this method presents dangers and difficulties which should be stated at the outset of any discussion of the subject.

Of course it happens to many married people that they wish, rightly or wrongly, for no, or no more, children. But is it really in their own interests that they should be given the opportunity to achieve their desire in any irrevocable fashion? A strain, this, on the individual judgment which might well cause mental derangement of all but the toughest or most eccentric types, besides affording a likely source of disagreement between all but the most united. Moreover, there is the chance that life-long regret might follow the result of what may well have been but a passing caprice. Even if the couple did not come simply to change its mind, the wife might die young, and the husband feel prompted to a second marriage with a family in view. Or again, a child, perhaps the only child, might die, and the wife find herself troubled with a craving to fill the empty place, and no means of doing so but by adultery. Or again, as time goes on, the husband might be constrained to form a secondary union, with a child for its crown and justification; but he, poor fellow, worse than impotent!

Here are three instances, taken at random, which contain all the elements of personal tragedy. Intoxicated with their own ingenuity, our "experts" will view them as irrelevant. Even Mr. Havelock Ellis seems to have forgotten that he was once a humanist besides being a man of science. What we want is a good playwright or two who can envisage the drama inherent in these cases, and remind us that the surgeon's knife is a two-edged weapon, and that we cannot be said to solve life's problems by the simple process of cutting off the supply at the main!

11 Ormonde Gate, Chelsea. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

SIR,—After reading Dr. Binnie Dunlop's letter in your last issue, for the first time I find myself in sympathy with the Fascists. For if this is a foreshadowing of emancipated woman's work as a law-maker, then I feel strongly that her place is at home and that all possible measures should be taken to keep her there. Dr. Dunlop enthusiastically announces that "in the hope of getting something big done quickly for the standard of living and eugenics, I have been advocating that sterilisation and abortion should be available to any person who has two children or has had two confinements." That is to say, a woman who has had two confinements (not, mark you, borne two living children) may, without further advice or consultation with her husband or any qualified person, proceed at once to command a surgeon to sterilise or abort her. So that a healthy, normal woman, who may easily have had two confinements by the time she is twenty-three years old, is to undergo the major abdominal operation of sterilisation or the almost equally serious one of abortion, simply to save her the trouble of practising contraception. At such an age she is free to renounce for ever the possibility of conception, disregarding the possibility that her children (if the two confinements have produced any) may not live or that she may remarry or for other reasons wish later to bear another child. I do not think any reputable surgeon would consent to take such risks. The late Lord Riddell was right to class such surgery as "maiming."

All practising obstetricians know well the hasty panic into which an enormous percentage of even enlightened women are thrown when they realise that they are pregnant for the second or third time, even in cases where the pregnancy is desired. In this state of mind, were such a law in force, large numbers would rush into abortions and sterilisations which afterwards they would bitterly regret. This question of the limitation of families seems to be approaching a point where educated women will consider the bearing and rearing of children to be a job best suited to the capabilities of their mentally defective sisters.

62 Wimpole Street, W.1. A. MORRIS JOHNS

Miscellany

WHAT THE HELL?

I GOT most everything I want. Look at it all ways I have. Well, then . . .

I like to empty my pockets before I go to bed at nights. I got a gold fountain pen cost three quid, and a pencil the same nearly as much. There's a little pearl knife with one blade and a thing for your nails. My nails look pretty good too. I got three lighters, one with a watch in; I use that most.

My gold cigarette case is real class; it cost a mint of money in Regent Street. And I got a silver one; a big 'un with fine markings. Mostly I carry fags in the packet though. I can smoke expensive muck if I choose, but I like the twenty a bob best.

I got a gold wrist watch which don't keep good time but looks swell, with a funny sort of face you can't read very well, but its smart, with a metal thing for a strap, gold, that Jim told me was nancy, only that's just his jealousy I guess. I got a gold chain and another watch and some of those bloody silly dangling things with seals and that. Keeps A1 time that one, but it's only for the evening. I mean I got pretty well everything I want.

The only ring I wear's the goods, with a greyhound crest on it. It's bad to wear more than one ring. I got a gold-bound pocket book and a note-book with a gold-tipped pencil. And a gold case for matches.

I got some links I've never seen bettered, platinum and pearl they are, with a set of studs to match. The tops screw in. I only got two left now, a prostitute pinched one, the bitch! Not that it makes any odds 'cos my shirts, they're specially made for me, show only two studs, see?

So I like to arrange them all on the dressing-room table with my ivory hair-brushes before I go to bed.

I got twenty-four pairs of walking-out shoes and I use them all, and seven overcoats, some of them with belts at the back like the advertisements. There's no two ways about it my clothes are as good as any you'll find in London. And I know how to wear good clothes, double-breasted coats suit

me. And a bowler hat that don't look like the race-course. When I buy socks or ties I go to the best West End shops and choose the best that money can buy; sometimes I get twenty or thirty ties and as many socks at the same time. I got expensive umbrellas like the ones you see. I look A1. I know that.

I got a fitted suit-case cost nearly fifty quid and my other bags were pretty well as expensive. I've never seen them bettered. I got a cocktail cabinet which . . .

Well, look at this flat. You can see that everything's really posh at a glance. Furnished complete by a bloke who knew his job. He ought, he charged enough, Christ knows. And I got taste, too; the girls in shops always tell me that. Pictures and ornaments and rugs and knick-knacks all in the very best style. But nothing simply because it's expensive. It's a treat this flat; best address in London, too; hot water and heating and everything.

When I give a party people come. No matter who they are, and some of them are real swells, they come. And they're always very civil to me. I go to all the smart places. I can order a dinner in a restaurant that . . . Why, I'm even thinking of getting a racehorse! I could buy one if I liked, it isn't the money. I got a Talbot 105 Saloon which takes some beating.

And the girls! You should have seen the bit that I took abroad last year. As smart a piece as any I saw in Nice. She cost me a heap of money, but she was good value.

I've had the real goods throw themselves at me in this very room. The better class they are the more loving they seem to be. You'd be surprised at the things some of them do. And finely built girls, too. Of course it's the money most of them want—I'm not such a fool as not to know that—but after all . . .

My new dress suit set me back thirty-five guineas. A lot of money you'll say, but worth every penny of the price. My man shaves me every day. I got my monogram on my pyjamas. I got . . .

I got an electric coffee pot and electric heater to keep the plates warm. I got a radio-gram. I got a bath-room you couldn't better at Grosvenor House. I got a gold match-box with my initials in diamonds in one corner. I got . . . Well, I can walk into a shop and buy pretty well everything I want. And I'm generous with it. Nothing's too good for a friend of mine.

Yes, I've got pretty well everything I want. Well, then? Well, then? What the sweet Hell? PETER CHAMBERLAIN

DECORATIVE ART

IT was excellent and enterprising of the Royal Academy to accept the suggestion of the Royal Society of Arts that Burlington House should be used for an Exhibition of Art in Industry. In such shows as the Ideal Home Exhibition and the British Industries Fair any firm can exhibit by renting a stand, and the few good things are inevitably swamped by the multitude of bad ones. At Burlington House specialised committees in each section have been busy making a choice from objects submitted by British firms, and presumably these committees have not been content to accept what is relatively less bad, but have insisted on all exhibits attaining a certain standard of excellence. For the Exhibition is intended to educate by example both manufacturers and the public.

No expense, it seems, has been spared. The dowdy Victorian saloons have been transformed by eminent architects into dazzling chapels of modern decoration. And here we suffer our first disillusionment. The glass-section designed by Mr. Maxwell Fry is quite admirable: it contains far the best show-cases in the exhibition, and the photographic mural designed by Mr. Hazen Sise is not only appropriate, but most decorative. Mr. Oliver Hill by the clever use of good textiles has contrived a good appearance for Gallery V, and Mr. Wornum's arrangement of Gallery VII is neat and effective. The other galleries are much less successful: Professor Goodhart Rendel's gilt room is not only unpleasant in itself, but extremely unbecoming to the ceramics it contains; and the garden-terrace designed by Mr. Milne with a backcloth by Mr. Sheringham is as feeble as it is pretentious. It becomes apparent that the Exhibition is misnamed: it is chiefly concerned not with Art in Industry but with Decorative Art.

The general impression made by the exhibits is deeply disappointing—they are for the most part both cautious and vulgar. The specimen-rooms are particularly bad, apart from the admirable kitchen designed by Mrs. Darcy Braddell. Mr. Oliver Hill stages a dining-room in which it is impossible to visualise real persons eating real food—pure Hollywood. Miss Betty Joel has managed to produce a revolving bed, and Mr. Robert Lutyens has cudgelled his brains to invent an original library table. Since tables in the past have always stood on legs, how modern it would be to hang one from the ceiling! And this he has succeeded in doing. Such are our fashionable decorators' ideas of modernity. It is the great weakness of contemporary architects (as is shown by the interior of the new R.I.B.A. building) that they know nothing about colour and are entirely without sympathy for the best contemporary painters and sculptors. Almost all these specimen rooms are cowardly arrangements in neutral colours or almost in monochrome. The result is a gloomy absence of all vitality.

Apart from a few excellently simple pieces, the furniture is deplorable. It is probably true that there is not enough good furniture being made to occupy the space allotted to furniture, but it is a mistake to hold up to admiration stuff which contradicts every principle of design. It would have been wiser to give some of this space to furnishing fabrics, which are so crowded that one cannot see them. This ought to be the best section of the show and does contain some beautiful textiles: unluckily the best of them are so folded that the design is invisible. Moreover the fabrics are arranged in groups according to their prevailing colour, greens in this corner, reds in that, with a resulting general impression of no colour at all. In any case, the timidity of the designers in the use of colour is shocking: I was reminded of a famous American interior decorator who exclaimed upon seeing the Parthenon: "That's my colour—beige!" Also printed fabrics, especially chintzes (a particularly English material), are most inadequately represented. (The "Daphne and Apollo" and "Winds" fabrics designed by Duncan Grant and manufactured by Allan Walton are, for instance, conspicuous by their absence; and these are probably the two most beautiful textiles produced in our time.) The dress-materials, however technically remarkable, are perhaps the feeblest things in the show: you would see better stuffs better arranged in any big London draper's. And there are hardly any cloths and tweeds, for which this country retains a world reputation. The silver is lamentable; and the poster-exhibit, which might have been excellent, is curiously ill-chosen: how the committee could have selected Mr. Pears's poster for Hastings, while omitting the best Shell and Underground posters, is quite incomprehensible. Among the exhibits which deserve special praise are the china and glass shown by the firms of E. Brain & Co., A. J. Wilkinson, and Stuart & Sons; a set of stainless knives (972D), a fitted dressing-case (1158), a carpet from Heal's (1291), some of the plastics, and many of the printed books.

The surprising weakness of this Exhibition is an inevitable result of the way in which it was planned. The selecting committees consist chiefly of the manufacturers whom it should have been the object of the Exhibition to advise and educate. Every effort should have been made to get, for instance, Captain Molyneux on to the Dress Material Committee, but neither he nor any other famous *couturier* appears to have been obtained for it. The weakness of modern industrial art in this country is in fact the ignorance and bad taste of the manufacturers (and of the "travellers" and "buyers"). Here was the ideal opportunity to effect the necessary liaison between them and artists and persons of educated taste. If the selection of the exhibits had been made by such recognised authorities

as the Directors of the National Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum (both of whom are interested in the present as well as in the past), Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. Clive Bell, Mr. Leigh Ashton, Mr. Christian Barman—I take six out of sixty possible names—a very different exhibition would have resulted. Their selections would have acted as an invaluable guide for future production in industry, and it would also have been possible for them to give the manufacturers most useful advice in preparing for the show. As it is, the Exhibition reveals nothing but the extreme excellence of British workmanship, and the extreme poverty of the designs which the British workmen have to execute. For the man in the street intending to furnish a home, the Exhibition is almost useless, since the majority of the exhibits are fitted only for the pockets of the very rich. Also many of the most necessary classes of applied art are not represented. It is no use going to Burlington House if you want help in choosing lampshades, electric-light fittings, stair-carpets, linen, door-handles, gramophones, office-furniture, motor equipment, electric fires, geysers, and lots of the other ordinary objects of life in which improved design is so important. At best there may be one or two such objects included in the specimen rooms. It almost entirely neglects the sound principles of Industrial Art (as put forward in Mr. Herbert Read's excellent book, *Art and Industry*, Faber and Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*), and the attempt to be modern consists chiefly in lifeless imitation of Swedish mannerisms. A small section of the opulent bourgeoisie will find their taste here reflected in libraries for those who cannot read, in dining-rooms for those who cannot talk, in emerald necklaces and revolving beds for expensive tarts. But for that vast section of the population which is rather helplessly looking for better objects at a possible price the Exhibition of Art in Industry is worse than no exhibition at all. For the standards it sets are both costly and depraved.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BEECHAM AND THE B.B.C.

IT is remarkable that Sir Thomas Beecham should have so preserved his freshness and his zest for music as to be able to listen-in to what was, I believe admittedly, a potted studio version of Humperdinck's opera, *Hansel and Gretel*, on a Sunday night. The result was that Sir Thomas received such a shock that in his righteous anger he could not help writing immediately a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* declaring the performance " a complete travesty, a monstrous perversion of the opera."

The resulting correspondence revealed two points of view only, that of a musically educated minority to whom the opera was familiar, who agreed with Sir Thomas, and that of the ordinary man to whom the work was unknown and who expressed his complete satisfaction with what he heard. It seems to me that both points of view are equally correct and eternally irreconcilable ; but surely when the B.B.C. adaptor arranged for this version of *Hansel and Gretel* to be broadcast he did not expect to have Sir Thomas Beecham among his auditors any more than a University Extension lecturer giving a reading of poetry to an average suburban audience would expect to find among them Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. W. B. Yeats, or Mr. T. S. Eliot ?

I am more than astonished ; I am amazed that Sir Thomas Beecham listened-in to this performance. Surely these excerpts and potted extracts of musical works devised by the indefatigable and adroit staff of the B.B.C. in their almost impossible task of giving the millions who listen-in a constantly fresh entertainment hour after hour, day after day, throughout the year are not meant for musicians ! And it is all the more surprising, since Sir Thomas of all English musicians has been one of the most bitter in his attacks on the principle of broadcasting itself. He has again and again maintained—and, in my opinion correctly—that any broadcast is a travesty of the musical work as heard directly in the concert hall or opera-house, quite apart from the artistic merit of the performance. Again and again he has attacked this mechanising of music and pointed out that perhaps its worst feature is that it makes people think they have had the reality, when truly they have only had its shadow.

It seems to me that such an attack as Sir Thomas Beecham's on the B.B.C. is entirely misdirected. The B.B.C., in exercising its function of giving entertainment to the millions who pay for their licences to listen-in, is not primarily concerned with music or musicians. Whatever it does it must do as well as it can, and it is possible that technically many of its performances could be improved. Here, however, the B.B.C. is dependent on the material available, and the B.B.C. is far from being the only offender in this respect. Any music critic who is in the habit of attending concerts and recitals will be able to affirm that you may hear as many travesties there as emanate from the B.B.C. studios.

One of the charges brought by Sir Thomas Beecham was that of mutilating the opera by cutting. Now every artist will admit that it is a crime to cut any work by a recognised master, and yet it is done every day. As Sir Thomas pointed out, Wagner himself authorised " cuts " in his operas, and how often is any play of Shakespeare's presented in London or anywhere else without cuts ? Now the strange thing is that almost invariably works by men of outstanding ability are more effective when performed in their original condition than when cut, however ingeniously, to make them more acceptable. Wagner's operas, long as they are, make a better effect when performed complete than when cut. Those who have heard the uncut version of *Hamlet*, which the Old Vic occasionally produces, will agree with me that it is a revelation to hear *Hamlet* uncut, and that the effect is altogether superior to any that can be made by a cut version. But should we therefore abolish " cut " versions altogether ? I do not think so. The public begins by demanding little, and as it grows more critical it will seek for more. I do not believe that you can start from the other end and scatter perfection broadcast ; perfection is slowly and precariously achieved, and it is never to be kept in an institutional locker to be handed out whenever it is wanted.

Sir Thomas Beecham would do better to reserve his energies to making clearer and clearer the difference in quality between the musical performances which he directs, whether in the concert hall or at Covent Garden, and those concoctions devised in the studios of the B.B.C. for the entertainment of millions of listeners-in of all ages and stages of development. One should no more confuse the B.B.C.'s studio arrangements with its public symphony concerts or its annual musical festival at the Queen's Hall than one should confuse the performances of seaside bands in summer resorts with those of the Berlin Philharmonic or London Philharmonic orchestras. I have occasionally, when at Eastbourne or some other resort convalescing from influenza, listened to the performances by the local band of all sorts of music, including classical symphonies, with considerable pleasure. It never occurred to me, and it ought not to occur to any music lover or musician, to attack these bands or their conductors for playing arrangements of masterpieces in which wood-wind instruments were substituted for strings and all sorts of other alterations were made, including " cuts."

Besides, individual taste and the degree of musical development enter into all these matters to so large a degree. If one were going to be as strict with Sir Thomas Beecham as he is with the B.B.C., what would one not say of the production last season at Covent Garden of Verdi's *Otello* ? This production, though not mutilated by ill-considered " cuts," certainly merited adverse criticism as severe as Sir Thomas's of the B.B.C. studio version of *Hansel and Gretel*, especially as at Covent Garden we have a right to expect the best. Also I, for my part, might say what an extraordinary thing that any musician should want to listen to the music of Humperdinck ! There is in this composer's music—to my mind—nothing but musical confectionery, sweet, charming and very skilfully done, I admit, but nevertheless nothing but con-

fectionery. But holding this opinion of Humperdinck's music does not give one a right to condemn those who get great pleasure from hearing it and so, I think, Sir Thomas Beecham ought to be more lenient to the millions of listeners who got great pleasure from the potted version of *Hansel and Gretel*.

What one has a right to demand is that the audience should always be told what they are going to get, and should never be allowed to think when a truncated version of any work is being performed that they are hearing the complete work as the author conceived it. But this crime—and it is a crime—has been committed by much more august authorities than the B.B.C. Are there not anthologies of English poetry in existence, edited by famous scholars, in which poems have been cut and no notice of this fact is to be found in any editorial comment? This, I think, is a crime against literature much more serious than those committed as yet by the B.B.C. against music.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

At Sadler's Wells

Mr. Henry Cass's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Sadler's Wells contains no great surprises, but it is in every way an intelligent and enjoyable performance. The appearance of Christopher Sly, in a huge canopied bed on a flight of steps, as he wakes to a scene more grandiose than any he has enjoyed in his cups, is superb comedy which pitches the little play about the shrew bang into our imagination. The three following acts have been taken quickly, with judicious cuts, and there is a gay viciousness in Mr. Maurice Evans's Petruchio which carries them briskly through to the end. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt makes a good, if rather counterfeit, shrew, whose metamorphosis she obviously accepts with relief; but the artificiality of the part (a difficult one, for any actress) does not unbalance the play. Altogether this is one of the best productions that have been seen recently at Sadler's Wells, and Mr. Cass and an excellent cast are to be congratulated.

A Weber Ballet

The new Cinderella ballet at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, entitled *Cendrillon* is one of the most charming productions which the Ballet Club has presented to the public. The story of Cinderella is one that offers almost ideal opportunities for both dancing and miming, and Miss Audrey Howard who has devised the choreography on this occasion has not missed any of them. Her costumes and settings are also delightful, and one of the most striking features of the ballet is the very ingenious shadow dance which stood out as a specially original feature among the many attractive dances. It was a very happy notion to select Weber as the composer to be drawn on for the music. Weber wrote a great mass of charming light music, far superior in freshness and expressiveness of melody and in rythmic piquancy to most music of this kind, and Mr. Charles Lynch has made an admirable selection of Weber pieces which suits the general character of the ballet perfectly and contributes greatly to its effectiveness.

Elizabethan Tragedy at the Arts

It is a long time since one of the minor Elizabethan plays has been shown in London, and one must congratulate the Arts Theatre Club for its enterprise in reviving *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. This done, there remains the melancholy duty of recording that the production comes nowhere near doing justice to Ford's best play. The restrictions inseparable from so specialised a performance may be forgiven, though the play itself needs more than a suggestion of renaissance splendour and pomp to achieve its full effect. But having swallowed the black curtains, narrow fore-stage and cramped upper level, I still found it difficult to understand why the crisis of the play—Soranzo's accusation of Annabella[4]—should take place behind a foreground of debris from the banqueting scene which preceded it; or why Hippolyta (otherwise superbly played by Miss Carol Goodner, whom I now yearn to see in every play of Shakespeare's) should perform contortionist feats while dying of poison, and thus turn a vivid moment of the play into an exhibition of an alien art; or why—but there is no profit in so much analysis. Suffice it to recall that the sultry passion of the play was not entirely smothered; that Terence de Marney speaks verse well and dealt faithfully with the very disgusting sheep's heart (the fallacy of too much insistence on realism!) which he brought in on his dagger, gazing at it with a childlike wonder. Norman Shelley, Barbara Gott, Selma Vas Diaz and Neil Porter worked hard with less impressive material.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 11th—
- Beethoven Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, January 12th—
- Performance by London Marionette Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Payling Subscription Concert, Albert Hall, 8.

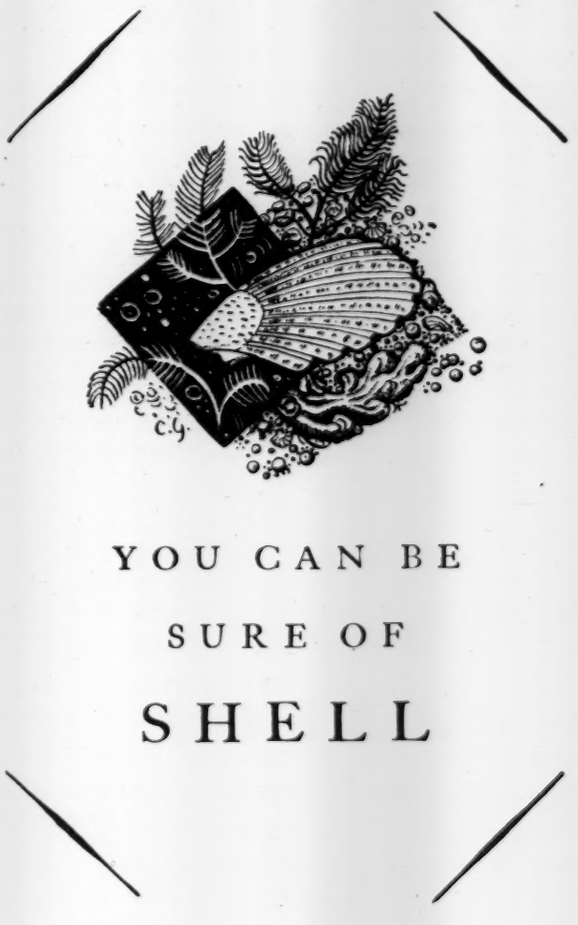
SUNDAY, January 13th—
- Harold Picton on "Republican and Nazi Germany: Some Personal Experiences," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- Miss Roam Malnick on "An Outline of the History of the Russian Theatre from the 17th to the 20th Century," Experimental Theatre, 59 Finchley Road, 8.15.
- Alistair Cooke on "Films," Group Theatre, 9 Great Newport Street, 8.30.

MONDAY, January 14th—
- Etienne Amyot and the Brosa String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
- Sir Arthur Salter on "The Implications of the Kellogg Pact," Conway Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, January 15th—
- A. C. Chakravarty on "India and England: The Psychological Tangle," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- J. A. Fraser Roberts on "Twins," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
- The Bishop of Southwark on "The Church of England," Morley College, 8.
- Series of intimate operas sung by Mabel Ritchie, Frederick Woodhouse and Geoffrey Dunn, Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road. Also on January 22nd and 29th.

WEDNESDAY, January 16th—
- Horowitz, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, January 17th—
- Col. M. C. Nangle on "India of the Mughal," Imperial Institute, 2.30.
- Royal Philharmonic Concert, conducted by Felix Weingartner, Queen's Hall, 8.15.



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

How often we have been told, in tones more or less evangelical, that the Victorian novelists are coming back to stay! These assurances are made as a rule in rather gingerly confidence. "*Now the first thin rays of the dawn have begun to strike the nineteenth century. . . .*" It is a familiar note (we have failed to rise to so many dawns), heard at intervals since the 'eighties, though this particular sentence comes fresh from Lord David Cecil's *Early Victorian Novelists* (Constable, 10*s.*). Such a message brings its own pleasure; it tells us that we are wanted; that we can go on enjoying ourselves a little longer while the Victorians wait. A mild expectancy is kept alive by the appearance of a volume on the Victorian "eccentrics," another on the Victorian "wallflowers" (these are the writers safe from posterity); now and then a centenary produces its crop of tributes; but still we refuse to go the whole hog. Indeed, there are many readers for whom these critical jaunts are an adequate exercise in themselves. Criticism ought not perhaps to provide a substitute for athletic reading, but very often it does, and I am certain that a large number of people will enjoy the acute and sensitive criticism of *Early Victorian Novelists* who have no intention whatever of reading, or re-reading, the novelists concerned. The method of the book disposes one to take it in this way; for Lord David aims at persuading and never provoking the reader, and he gives a portrait of each novelist's work which is the equivalent of a Strachey miniature without the malice. He raises an enthusiasm and lets it evaporate in the same sentence; he quotes, to add colour to his own picture; when he finds fault, it is to throw his praise into relief. The air of bustle and benevolence is catching:

> But the Victorians, the irresponsible Victorians, do not bother to sort themselves into any such categories. They write equally for the train journey and for all time. . . . A book like *David Copperfield* is a sort of vast schoolboy hamper of fiction: with sweets and sandwiches, pots of jam with their greased paper caps, cream and nuts and glossy apples, all packed together in a heterogeneous deliciousness. . . . To read a paragraph of any of their books is to feel blowing into one's mental lungs unmistakably and invigoratingly a new and living air, the air of Dickensland, Thackerayland, Brontëland.

"You *need* fresh air!" this seems to say to us, as it beckons brightly like a poster, "then come to metroland." These essays, I may say—which are rather strangely called "Essays in Revaluation"—have given me considerable pleasure, without, however, doing me good as they should have done. The charm of the writing, a little jolly at times, is made to occupy one's attention; I had almost finished the book before noticing how often I disagreed with it.

* * *

He deals with Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, Trollope, and George Eliot. Which of these, now, has been touched by the new Victorian dawn? Trollope perhaps? But then the causes of a revival of interest in Trollope are not such as would extend to any other name in that group. Lord David goes on to say that "after a few years a period passes from shadow into the sunless impartial daylight of history"; but more than a few years have gone already. He brings out again the old notion of the pendulum of fashion, and obviously sees in the present condition of English letters a recoil chiefly from Victorianism, of which sooner or later we shall repent. This seems to me a negative and superficial view. The reaction in literature has been not so much against Victorianism as against the whole tradition of which it is the dead end. Every movement, at first springing and individual, undergoes in the end a popular disintegration. The impulse of Byron's poetry degenerates into Byronism—we may return to the first but not to the second; tradition becomes traditionalism, and then, from the point of view of art, it is dead. The "tradition of the English novel"—that queer bag of tricks—had reached the point of traditionalism, or stagnation, with the great Victorians. Characteristically it was an age which produced, not masterpieces, but "great men." The cult of the "great man" must inevitably have a bad influence on artists of every kind, and in a popular art like novel-writing it has the effect of turning the artist into a *prima donna*. Lord David Cecil thinks that the Victorian novelists will emerge in the future undamaged: I do not think that they will ever recover from this stale atmosphere of the celebrity concert which hangs over so much of their writing. They gave in to their public without getting enough in return.

* * *

One difficulty confronting the Victorian apologist is the fact that his subjects will not bear comparison with the great writers of the past or of other countries. For example, if we want to put forward the claims of Thackeray as a stylist and satirist, we must compare him with Flaubert; we must set *Vanity Fair* and *L'Éducation Sentimentale* side by side as pictures of an epoch; and Thackeray will not stand up to it. Even Dickens, the biggest of the Victorians, who influenced men as widely different as Dostoevsky, Strindberg and Proust, can seem strangely small when transported into a foreign climate, as though he had come out of a cupboard. None of the great Victorians were great Europeans: that does not preclude them from being good artists. But by measuring them against the highest standard we find that they vanish into another category altogether. If Flaubert, Tolstoy and Turgenev are to be called masters of the *novel*, then we shall have to find quite another word to describe the works of Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope, for they are not "little masters" in the same art; they are the masters of *fiction*. I do not think that the use of those two words exaggerates at all the difference between the consciously organised work of art and the ordered or haphazard work of entertainment.

* * *

In his chapter on Trollope, Lord David Cecil remarks on the increasing reputation which Trollope, alone among Victorian novelists, has enjoyed with readers and critics in recent years. He puts it down to the absence of sentimental excess and the consistent realism of his point of view. I would add another reason. Trollope has never had the misfortune of being a great man, either in his own or in others' opinion. He was content to be successful, and his success is of the sort that will remain because critics are not tempted to rate him too high. Most of the other Victorians, the "great" Victorians, have suffered by comparison with the greater Europeans. But with Trollope the reader has no feelings of this sort at all; he accepts him, like Crome, as an admirable and wholly English talent, the product not so much of a literary or artistic tradition, as of the tradition of English manners. We can imagine Trollope without his novels, but hardly without his beard, his family, his hunting, his Government post, his position in society. The picture he gives of Victorian life has, besides the colouring and emphasis of art, the sort of truthfulness for which we go usually to annals and diaries. I can nearly always be certain of enjoying a Trollope novel which I have not read before. *Orley Farm* (1862) is republished this week in the World's Classics (Oxford Press, 2 vols., 4*s.*) It describes the effect on a whole neighbourhood of the gradual discovery that the great Lady Mary Mason forged the codicil of her husband's will. Trollope's own valuation in the *Autobiography* is so just that I quote it:

> The plot of *Orley Farm* is probably the best I have ever made; but it has the fault of declaring itself, and thus coming to an end too early in the book. When Lady Mason tells her ancient lover that she did forge the will, the plot of *Orley Farm* has unravelled itself; and this she does in the middle of the tale. Independently of this, the novel is good. Sir Peregrine Orme, his grandson, Madeline Stavely, Mr. Furnival, Mr. Chaffanbrass, and the commercial gentlemen are all good. The hunting is good. The lawyer's talk is good. Mr. Moulder carves his turkey admirably, and Mr. Kantwise sells his tables and chairs with spirit. I do not know that there is a dull page in the book.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Indulgent Husband. By COLETTE. Translated by FREDERICK A. BLOSSOM. *John Long.* 7s. 6d.

Sailor Town. By PAUL HERVEY FOX. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Land of Promise. By LEO LANIA. Translated by R. HENRY LOVAT. *Dickson.* 8s. 6d.

The Harsh Voice. By REBECCA WEST. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Early Morning. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

Tzigane. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The Road Leads On. By KNUT HAMSUN. *Rich & Cowan.* 10s.

Only the words: "in collaboration with M. Willy," printed in exceedingly small capitals on the dust-cover (but not on the title page) of *The Indulgent Husband*, serve to inform such readers as have never studied the chronology of Madame Colette's works that, far from being "a new novel," this entertaining, though admittedly somewhat scandalous, narrative was produced during the earlier and less emancipated period of the authoress' literary life. Many of her stories have now been rendered into English; and if the continuation of Claudine's adventures has remained so long untranslated it is no doubt because Colette here deals with a subject that, had it been treated by an Anglo-Saxon writer, would certainly have brought down upon his head the wrath of every Sunday newspaper moralist in the realm. Were I the father of a family, I should not hesitate to hand my growing children *The Indulgent Husband*, in preference to a cup of hemlock or a pinch of arsenic; but it is fair to add that no father or schoolmaster, even in the most enlightened educational circles, would set the novel as a holiday task or a French Unseen. . . . The effect might be decidedly disturbing. At her best, Colette is an adroit story-teller, skilful, perceptive, equipped with a charming gift of phrase and an exquisite appreciation of physical beauty. *The Indulgent Husband*, however, is a second-rate book. Colette's curiosity about sex—her passionate preoccupation with the human passions—is usually so straightforward as to seem almost ingenuous; but in *The Indulgent Husband* it is considerably more artificial. We begin to suspect that the situation has been sauced somewhat too deliberately for the reader's benefit.

In brief, this is the story of a young woman who, having indulged her Lesbian *penchants* at school, continues to indulge them, with her husband's permission, after marriage. Aided and abetted by Renaud (who carries complaisance to the point of hiring them a *garçonnière*) Claudine starts an absorbing flirtation with a woman friend. Renaud adores his wife; but he derives a certain perverse stimulus from the idea of her adventures. Claudine adores her husband; but she is fascinated by Rezi's sleepy and insinuating charm. And it is not until Renaud, one afternoon, is inspired to take her place with Rezi that Claudine leaves him and rushes down to the country in a violent rage. . . . From this slightly over-complicated situation—further jazzed-up by the appearance of Renaud's homosexual son—Colette manages to extract a happy ending of the most conventional type. The book is neatly and smoothly written; but it is distinguished throughout by that air of faint unreality which we associate with volumes catalogued as "curious"—it is all a little false from start to finish. Unfortunately, both the English rendering and the illustrations tend to underline this appeal.

The Indulgent Husband would probably be better in French; and *Sailor Town*, a long short story by Mr. Paul Hervey Fox, is very well suited to the tough Anglo-American dialect in which it has been composed. The impression it leaves behind is unusually lasting. Mr. Fox may fumble, now and then; but, as soon as Sweeney, the third mate of a cheap American tramp steamer, has gone ashore and begun to sample the amusements of a small South-American seaport, the narrative proceeds without a check. The bars and brothels of Porto Plata become suddenly vivid; Sweeney's odyssey grows exciting and somehow significant.

In an excess of generosity, Sweeney elects to marry the prostitute whom he meets at a cheap dance-hall to which the ship's officers have been escorted by Mr. Colomba, ship-chandler's agent and high-class pimp. Still in the same exalted mood, he takes Maria to her father's farm on the outskirts of the jungle. Again he gets drunk; he runs away; Maria follows him; he spends the night at her side, and then, in desperate haste, abandons her and hurries back to his ship before dawn. . . . The result is unexpectedly impressive. Mr. Fox may not be a mature story-teller; but his use of words is intelligent enough to show that he has a real feeling for the possibilities of language.

"In a Happy Hour—"

By EDWARD ANTON

"IN a happy hour," writes a correspondent, "I did what I had often *meant* to do but had constantly deferred doing. And for this I have to thank you and the frequent applications of the spur which were administered to me through your articles."

He goes on to say that, like so many others, he had toyed with the idea of writing. He felt that what he had to tell was worth the telling.

But for several years he got no farther than "meaning to do it some day"; and that, of course, left him standing where he was. At last, apparently, he yielded to the suggestion which I have made so many times that he should get in touch with the London School of Journalism and see what likelihood there was of his becoming an acceptable contributor to one or other of the hundreds of publications which welcome the work of promising new writers.

The upshot is that he is now enjoying, as the fruit of leisure hours spent in writing, a fairly regular and quite useful addition to his income.

Hence his reference to the "happy hour" in which he took the first step.

It is a little difficult to persuade some people to take that first step, although they possess (and know they possess) a certain native ability for writing, and it is possible—even probable—that among these hesitants there are some who might well become very welcome contributors to the Press. But unless and until they make some effort to discover what are their prospects of success they can do nothing.

I hope I shall never be guilty of suggesting that anybody who can wield a pen is competent to write for publication. Yet, I do know, from my own experience and from the experience of fellow-journalists, that there are numbers of men and women who would find it very profitable to undertake a short spell of coaching in *technique* from the London School of Journalism.

For fifteen years that School has been doing admirable work in giving beginners that *individual* instruction, criticism and guidance which are all that most of them require in order to produce saleable articles or stories. The instruction is given by correspondence—a circumstance which enables many Overseas readers to profit by it—and yet it is, in effect, a *personal coaching*. The L.S.J. does not believe in stereotyped instruction; neither do I; neither does any journalist. Every would-be writer must be handled as an *individual* in order to develop and perfect his natural style and ability; and it is because the London School of Journalism does this that its students in all parts of the world are so remarkably successful.

I was talking recently with a journalist on the staff of one of the great daily newspapers, and he told me that he was astonished by the amount of trouble taken by the L.S.J. instructors to assist their students. He had been investigating the work of the School on behalf of his editor, and his opinion was that **"The London School of Journalism is undoubtedly a real school of journalism to which any aspirant may commit himself with full confidence."**

And I can do no better here than to repeat the advice that I have so often given: that any man or woman who wishes to write stories or articles in spare time and thus turn literary talent to profitable account should send a short MS. of some kind to the School.

That MS. will be submitted to Sir Max Pemberton, the distinguished Director of Studies, and upon it he will express his opinion as to the writer's chances of success, and will advise accordingly.

The Prospectus of the School, which gives the fullest information as to the various Courses, Methods of Instruction, etc., will be sent post free on application to:

The Enquiry Bureau,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

57 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.

(Museum 4574.)

Unlike Mr. Fox, who is concerned primarily with the interactions of human beings, Herr Lania delineates the blind sweep of political and social forces. The War . . . the counsels of political expediency that induced Ludendorff to make his notorious proclamation to "my dear Jews in Poland" . . . inflation . . . depression . . . finally, the rise of Hitler and the persecution of unhappy Jews who had fled from the Ukraine and taken refuge in what they once imagined would be a second Promised Land. Such are the events that Herr Lania, through the medium of two families, the Rosenbergs and the Mendels, seeks to delineate in *The Land of Promise*, a story of Middle-Europe during and after the War, of a small Ukrainian village and of Berlin from 1918 to the conflagration of the Reichstag and the ghastly emergence of the National-Socialist party. His personages themselves are merely ciphers; the great interest of the novel is not so much the element of personal drama—interesting and engrossing though it often is—as the glimpse that it affords of post-War Germany. Reading his brilliant account of those troubled years, it is easier to understand the strength of the present regime.

With *The Harsh Voice*, we return to individuals. Nowadays, when we are besieged by novels of inordinate and, in most instances, entirely unjustifiable length, how refreshing it is to encounter a novelist who can compress all that she has to say into the space of fifty or sixty pages; and yet no one could complain that Miss Rebecca West treats her *dramatis personae* in a style that is either perfunctory or dull, or fails to allow them their full expansion. *The Harsh Voice* with which she deals is the voice of money; and during the first week of January, while that voice, except in the richest ears, is more than ever insistent, it seems particularly appropriate that we should be reading these four short tales, three of them directly inspired by the power of Mammon. The second is possibly the best. Here is a story told first of all from the point of view of a rich Frenchman who considers that he has played providence to a forlorn American tourist, then from the point of his pathetic protégée who turns out to be a woman of immense wealth and unscrupulous financial acumen. It would be a pity to spoil Miss West's *dénouement* by attempting to detail it in a few words; and *Life Sentence* and *The Salt of the Earth* are nearly as good.

Early Morning and *Tzigane* are light weight. Accustomed to regard Mr. R. H. Mottram as the author of heavy but respectable novels of the less adventurous kind, his admirers may be shocked to learn that he has now exchanged East-Anglia for the vicissitudes of a Mediterranean cruise and that his latest story has its site on an imaginary island. Not a very substantial bit of the earth. Nor, I am afraid, is Reina Pallas, his heroine, a very real young woman. Under the guardianship of her father's trusty clerk, she joins an expedition headed by the verbose and unworldly archaeologist, visits Jacinta and investigates its ancient ruins. There is trouble, and she escapes in the nick of time. . . . The other members of the expedition are brightly described; but the satire is as solemn as the spectacle of a bank-manager in a paper cap.

Lady Eleanor Smith knows her business; and I shall be very much surprised if a film company, British or American, does not take immediate steps to give *Tzigane* the celluloid popularity to which its simple theme and not unduly over-complicated treatment are obviously entitled. A beautiful gipsy dancer, jilted by the *Rom* with whom she has exchanged the betrothal kiss, marries a retired English diplomat, cohabits with him at his spacious country house, then hears that the lover, whom she had supposed dead, is still alive and working as an animal trainer at a London circus. Pathetic farewells with the heartbroken diplomat. She drives up to London in the diplomat's car; but her *Rom*, a magnificent creature all teeth and eyes and untamed Romany spirit, will have none of the miserable *gajo's* leavings, and Hassina realises that she loves her husband. Alan takes her reappearance in good part. . . . There is still much to be said for the Foreign Office.

Finally, the humours of a Norwegian village. As its title might suggest, *The Road Leads On* is an uncommonly protracted story; but, although it leads on and on through four hundred and fifty closely printed pages, it is smooth going; and the novelist, while he leads us from house to house and from episode to episode, manages to attract our attention by a flood of gossip. So that was how Consul Tidemand's mother married the druggist Holm. . . . And we always thought she was in love with Alexander. But now you must listen to old Altmulig telling his yarns. . . . The effect produced is as anodyne and soporific as the reminiscences one overhears at a country inn.

PETER QUENNELL

"That Great and Good Man"

Arnold Bennett called Lenin, who died eleven years ago this month. It is not inappropriate, therefore, at this time to call to mind not only the works which Lenin himself wrote, but some of those which inspired him to build a new and worthier social order, and some of those which tell the story of his exciting life.

The *fons et origo* of Communism, without which there would still be no classless society is, of course, the famous Communist Manifesto, which we publish at 6*d*. The Communist Manifesto, published when the steel shadow of Metternich fogged progress in Europe, is to-day as pertinent as it was then. From its indictment of tyranny only that one name need be removed and another (which it would be invidious to suggest) substituted, and the historic document would still serve as the primary education for all who would understand the history of our own day.

Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, wrote one of the most fascinating biographies of her great husband that has ever been written. The two volumes of it together cost only 10*s*.

We might also draw your attention to Lenin on Britain, 8*s*. 6*d*. Lenin foresaw what Low now draws, and was no less scathing. Booksellers will get these for you. Or exchange your book tokens for them if you haven't yet done so.

Certain other of his works we may list. Why not complete your library to celebrate the Anniversary?

Lenin's Collected Works

Vol. IV, Iskra Period, 2 volumes, £1 1s.; Vol. XIII, Materialism and Empirio-Criticism, 10s. 6d.; Vol. XVIII, Imperialist War, 12s. 6d.; Vol. XX, Revolution of 1917, £1 1s.; Vol. XXI, Toward the Seizure of Power, £1 1s.

The Little Lenin Library

reprints of his more important short works and articles. Here are certain of them:

(1) Teachings of Karl Marx, 9d.; (7) Religion, 1s.; (14) State and Revolution, 1s.; (15) Imperialism, 1s. 6d.; (16) "Left Wing" Communism: an Infantile Disorder, 1s.

MARX—ENGELS—MARXISM (5s)

What their greatest pupil wrote of the founders of scientific socialism. Lenin carried on the work of Marx and Engels.

MARTIN LAWRENCE **m** LIMITED 33 GREAT JAMES STREET W.C.1.

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

The Man Liszt. By ERNEST NEWMAN. *Cassell.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Ernest Newman, in the preface to his painstaking and well-documented monograph, *The Man Liszt*, is at great trouble to point out that the book is written in no "debunking" spirit and that his one aim has been the objective presentation of all the relevant facts. From this and from his reference to "thesis-ridden biographers," it is clear that Mr. Newman is trying to be objective according to his lights. But the line between the objective presentation of facts and the unconsciously subjective interpretation of them is a narrow one, and it soon becomes clear on which side Mr. Newman's real sympathies lie. When any doubt or problem arises (and few lives present greater problems to the biographer than that of Liszt), it is invariably Liszt who goes to the wall, and the result can be as monotonously foreseen as in the old nursery game of "Heads I win, Tails you lose."

If Liszt snubs a young woman he is a conceited boor, if he is polite to her, then his intentions are dishonourable: if he orders a cheap bottle of wine he is posing as a poor man, if he gives a champagne supper then he is self-indulgent: if he writes a pot-boiler he is money grubbing, if he gives a concert for charity then he is trying to earn a reputation for benevolence—in fact, one need not read very far to realise that if Liszt had gone up in a balloon Mr. Newman would have called him an exhibitionist, and that if he had refused to do so, Mr. Newman would have dubbed him a coward.

Liszt's character, as we all know, was full of contradictions. It has been left to Mr. Newman to smooth out these contradictions by the adoption of an ingenious labour-saving device known as "the mask." When Liszt behaves badly it is, of course, the *real* Liszt, and what an unpleasant vulgar fellow he is. But when he behaves well it is invariably assumed that he is wearing "the mask" and that his generosity and disinterestedness are only a thinly veiled hypocrisy and opportunism. In attempting to interpret the contradictions of Liszt's behaviour by these transparently simple means and in assuming that he was a uniformly

weak character Mr. Newman, as might well be imagined, gets landed in a mass of contradictions and *non sequiturs* himself.

For example, on p. 11, Mr. Newman makes a great point of the fact that in 1850, when he was writing " works in his most ideal vein " Liszt displayed his weakness by returning to " old musical loves of the more sinful kind " and writing the enormous Fantasia and Fugue on the *Ad Nos* chorale in Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*. Apparently this indicated " that at heart he was only a brilliant showman," and a long and exceptionally priggish letter from Raff is quoted to support this view. Yet in a footnote on the next page Mr. Newman himself admits that " the *Ad Nos* is now recognised as one of Liszt's greater works."

One can only suppose that Raff's letter is quoted and applauded because Mr. Newman cannot resist the temptation to reprint anything however futile which appears to damage the Liszt Legend —anything, even down to the second-hand tittle-tattle of the noted military historian Theodor von Bernhardi, who disapproved of Liszt consorting with orchestral players and was under the impression that Liszt couldn't harmonise his own tunes !

This probably explains why Mr. Newman devotes so much space to the supposed portraits of Liszt in various *romans à clef* (which, however enjoyable as a literary *genre*, are hardly the most objective type of biographical evidence). Mr. Newman's approach to Balzac's *Béatrix* is typical of his attitude as a whole. As long as Balzac is praising the Marquise de Rochefide (the supposed Countess d'Agoult) at the expense of the worthless virtuoso Conti (the supposed Liszt), then the book is a " pitilessly candid study " of Liszt in the late 1830's. The moment Balzac proceeds to blacken the Countess' character as well, the Marquise becomes (according to Mr. Newman) a purely fictional character. In the truth of the Conti portrait however, he believes up to the end (because it is an unflattering one). It does not occur to him that there may be as big an element of fiction in the one as in the other. In fact, following the precedent of Humpty Dumpty, Mr. Newman makes a *roman à clef* mean just what he chooses it to mean, no more, no less.

One more example out of a hundred that might be chosen at random must suffice to show Mr. Newman's individual biographical methods. On p. 234, Liszt's generosity in giving up his time to other people and in particular to looking at other people's scores is described as a deplorable weakness, and on p. 242 this theme is developed. Liszt's " toadying weakness " (partly, we are told, the result of too much tobacco, coffee and spirits) is contrasted unfavourably (p. 244) with Bülow's notorious bad manners. In a footnote to p. 280 Mr. Newman is forced to admit Liszt's acumen in discovering all that was best in the way of new music ; but, he points out, it was hardly surprising because Liszt saw all the new scores as a matter of course !

Comment would be superfluous.

No one interested in Liszt, not even his most fanatical admirer, could object to Mr. Newman exposing Liszt's undoubted weaknesses. No one believes in the old Liszt Legend any more, and no one wants to. It is notorious that he was often unfaithful, often a snob, and often insincere (what man who is forced to frequent musical parties is ever consistently sincere ?). Quite a good case could be made out against Liszt on these counts, but Mr. Newman spoils the effect of his righteous indignation by his puritanical concentration on the most human and petty failings. For instance, Liszt's passion for cigars is castigated by the author as though it were the most hideous of sexual aberrations. Liszt's cigar-smoking (or " refuge in narcotics ") becomes a King Charles' head that pops up every ten pages or so throughout the book and is finally described (p. 294) as a " spiritual baseness." Indeed, Mr. Newman's horror of the practice is perhaps the most consistent feature of his otherwise contradictory study. (It is noticeable, however, that while he says Liszt's mental tissues were softened by cigar smoking he does not realise that the veracity of Olga Janina may possibly have been impaired by her notorious addiction to opium.)

On the subject of Liszt's unfaithfulness Mr. Newman is as perplexingly contradictory as ever the great man himself. Which, one feels inclined to ask, is the real man Newman and which " the mask " ? The member of the Birmingham Watch Committee who thunders against incontinence in the main part of the book, or the cynical man of the world who winks knowingly at us in an occasional footnote or two ?

Yet, in spite of all their animus and special pleading, the purely biographical parts of Mr. Newman's book are the best, for the author has collected together a great deal of biographical material hitherto unavailable in English and, as can be gathered from the above selections, it does not require a particularly acute or legally trained mind to separate the relevant facts from the ingenious misinterpretations which have been spun round them.

Mr. Newman's faults as a biographer we can forgive him, if only because they are so glaring. But it is less easy to forgive him his treatment of Liszt as a composer, the more so as few of his readers (the book is clearly addressed to the non-technical public) will be in possession of sufficient knowledge to correct Mr. Newman's biased statements. Perhaps it would have been better if Mr. Newman, with his usual objectivity, had printed alongside the unfavourable opinions of Liszt's music held by Cornelius, Raff, von Bülow and the noted military historian Theodor von Bernhardi, the very high opinion held of it by Borodin and Balakireff, to mention only two of his contemporaries. The non-technical reader will obviously be left with the impression that after an uncertain but interesting first period Liszt, under the influence of Wagner, blossomed out into a successful if rather coarse-grained middle period only to relapse into complete creative impotence and the execution of " showy transcriptions " after his break with the Princess Wittgenstein (this view of affairs is probably prompted by Mr. Newman's incurable gallantry, which makes him doubt that Liszt could write good work without a woman's guiding hand).

Liszt was admittedly no second Wagner, and his later piano and orchestral pieces have nothing monumental about them, but their daring, originality and technical economy point forward to the twentieth century in a way that Wagner's operas never do. We see in them the germs of the delicate pointillism of Debussy and the austere linear expressiveness of Bartok. It is mainly due to his last period that Liszt holds so high a place in the esteem of nearly every contemporary composer of note. In spite of his " natural indolence " Liszt's compositions were so numerous that no complete collected edition exists, while many works remain unpublished. Not until the whole of his later work is published and known will anyone be in a position to write a really complete study of this erratic genius, for as Mr. Newman justly remarks : " There is no musician whose music so closely resembles his life, and whose life is so manifestly his music made flesh as Liszt."

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JOURNEY THROUGH ASIA

An Eastern Odysey. By GEORGES LE FÈVRE. Translated and adapted by Major-General Sir E. D. SWINTON, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Some years ago M. André Citroën and his friend and collaborator, Georges-Marie Haardt, planned and carried out two remarkable expeditions in Africa. In 1929 they set to work on a still more ambitious project. This was to drive a fleet of cars through the heart of Asia, by the ancient highway from the Mediterranean to the China Sea that was rediscovered by the Polos in the thirteenth century and known to the European merchants of the time as the Great Silk Road. The preparations took two years, and the journey itself—from Beirut to Peking—ten months. Our readers may have seen the film of it which is showing in London (and was noticed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 1st); but whether they have or have not, they should not miss this book. It is one of the most fascinating travel stories ever published. M. Le Fèvre, who accompanied the expedition, writes vividly, with humour and with good humour, and he is skilful at mixing grave and gay. General Swinton's translation is above reproach, and the book is embellished with forty excellent photographs.

The expedition was elaborately equipped. Its personnel included engineers and mechanics, doctors, wireless operators, geologists and archaeologists, a cinematographer and an artist—all Frenchmen except Dr. Maynard Owen Williams, the delegate of the National Geographic Society of Washington. Their enterprise was actually a harder job than had been expected, for at the last moment the Soviet Government refused them a passage through Russian Turkestan, and they were forced to make a wide detour through Afghanistan south of the Pamir range, down into India and then across the Himalayas—a change which necessitated, amongst other things, the building of special new cars capable of negotiating the mountains. Eventually the expedition was divided into two sections, one (the "Pamir Group" under the leadership of Haardt) driving from West to East, the other (the "China Group") from Tientsin westward, to effect a junction in Sinkiang.

For the Pamir Group the going was easy enough for the first 3,500 miles, through Syria, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan and British India. They had a good reception all along their route, and an extremely cordial welcome by the British in the North West Frontier Province and in Kashmir. Their big task was the crossing of the "roof of the world." The road from Srinagar to Kashgar was often "no more than a narrow pack trail, in some places five feet and in others barely one foot wide." It ran through highland country whose inhabitants had never seen a wheeled vehicle, let alone an automobile; over passes at an altitude of 16,000 feet; through snow where the pace was no more than a mile an hour and the engines in the rarified atmosphere lost 53 per cent. of their power; along precipices of crumbling rocks where the cars had to be pushed or levered with infinite care. This part of the journey was estimated to take forty-five days; actually it was nearly ten weeks before the plains on the Chinese side were reached.

Meanwhile the other group, under Lieutenant Victor Point, a resourceful naval officer with a considerable knowledge of China, had had its fill of hardship and adventure. From the outset the Chinese authorities had made difficulties. They were suspicious of these foreign devils, sceptical of any scientific motive for such explorations; for, it was argued, "if there were in truth some useful object to be achieved, Chinese experts would not during the course of centuries have neglected to carry them out." Despite all Point's diplomacy the group was saddled with a party of Chinese representing the Federation of Chinese Scientific Societies, who were in fact political agents and used all their cunning to wreck the expedition. A toilsome journey over the Gobi, the great Mongolian desert, brought them to the borders of Sinkiang, remotest of the provinces of China, where the "National" Government's writ does not run. Here they found themselves in the midst of a typical struggle of rival war lords; there was a village in flames, and sporadic fighting round about. It was in fact the revolt of the Mohammedans against their Chinese rulers, which later became serious war, and in which some have seen an attempt to found a new Islamic State in Central Asia. The Frenchmen saw it only as a rebellion, of small general significance, though savage enough in its character and involving many embarrassments and dangers to themselves. One of their number gives an amazing account of the siege of Hami, a walled town in which he was entrapped for some weeks; it reads like a tale of the Middle Ages.

At Urumchi, the capital of Sinkiang, first the China group and then the whole expedition were virtually prisoners for many weary weeks—politely entertained, but refused on one excuse or another the permission they wanted from Marshal King, the Governor-General, to move on to Peking. This central part of the book throws a good deal of light on the ways of the Chinese—and some, too, on the Frenchmen's ignorance of those ways, or at least on the difficulty they found in dealing with the niceties of "squeeze," "face" and the rest. Haardt himself, in his first interview with Marshal King, made a very pretty *gaffe*, by presenting him with a gold watch which was not, as all gifts should be, wrapped up in red paper. Then there was Mr. Chen, the "Commissioner for Foreign Affairs," who, dressed in a bowler hat and satin slippers, paid a ceremonial visit in a carriage drawn by two Russian trotters. After expatiating for ten minutes on the respective merits of different kinds of tea, he observed that the passports of the expedition had been cancelled and that it would be sent under escort to the frontier. Nevertheless, he added, everything could be happily arranged, if the wireless car with a driver and a wireless operator were placed at the Governor's disposal! At a later stage, there was General Chang, whose portrait was painted by M. Jacovleff. It was an ugly picture, though a truthful likeness, and the General was disappointed. But with a few deft touches by Jacovleff "the face became handsome. Chang was delighted, and said that if a couple of decorations were painted on his breast and another star on his collar, he would certainly be promoted full general when he got back to Urumchi. On the same night he informed us that the confiscation of our passports was due to a misunderstanding."

When at length, by means of sufficiently handsome presents, the expedition got away on its final stage, it had still to contend with man and with Nature. There were troublesome city governors, prowling troops, bandits, dust storms, floods, snow, and temperatures at 30 deg. and more below zero—worries that were only relieved by hospitable entertainment in Christian and Buddhist monasteries on the way. The condition of the people as the travellers saw them was melancholy in the extreme. "All

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along the National Highway," says M. Le Fèvre, "the misery was stark and overwhelming. . . . By the irony of Fate, opium, famine, bandits and Mohammedan rebellions were all that the Great Wall had now to protect." But, of course, *An Eastern Odyssey* does not pretend, and must not be thought, to give an adequate account of the economics and politics, the customs and institutions, of that vast complex which is China. It has many valuable *obiter dicta* on those subjects, and it promises fuller information on others (for instance, the archæological researches of M. Joseph Hackin). But its real claim to fame is as a record of an extraordinary exploit by a band of extraordinary men. It was a sad sequel to it that Haardt, the leader, and Point too, died within a few weeks of their triumphant entry into Peking. They have in this book "a monument more enduring than brass."

C. M. LLOYD

500 PAGES OF LOVE

The English in Love. Edited by C. C. and D. G. *Secker.* 6s.

This anthology is an ideal gift for the adolescent. I cannot believe that an adult person will be able to stand more than odd quarters of an hour of its 500 pages of solid love. This may really be a criticism of specialised anthologies in general; but still, the English dying, the English making money, the English in crime, the English laughing, groaning, praying or merely being English, seem more promising subjects than this amatory one. It is not that the sight or sound of the Englishman in love is more oppressive than that of other creatures:

> At mating time the Hippo's voice
> Betrays inflexions hoarse and odd.

He has, no doubt, his own attractive singularity; it is rather that, reading one item after another and another, creates a surfeit or jealousy in the reader. Even in the miseries and comedies of love there is a kind of ecstasy, and ecstasy *en masse* becomes intolerable.

Love—that is the obvious subject; the *English* in love—there you have the arch suggestion of distinction and difference, the second turn of the screw. The title has the art of invitation perfectly, and this is an achievement on the part of the editors. None could have invited with subtler or more flattering variety of accent. There is to be every mood which Englishmen have been capable of contracting, from the time of Chaucer to Charles Garvice. Coleridge's observation—a good key to the romantic sense of love as moral revelation, the most permanent English attitude—

> Perhaps there is no more sure criticism of refinement in moral character, of the purity of intellectual intention, and of the deep conviction and perfect sense of what our nature really is in all its combinations than the different definitions different men would give to love.

may be compared with Chaucer's equally English praise of love in marriage:

> "Non other lyf;" sayd he, "is worth a bene;
> For wedlock is so esy and so clene."

and again with the unhappy degeneration of the passion, under Mr. Aldous Huxley, to the level of ping-pong:

> When all is said, is there a better indoor sport?

Odd partnerships appear. Ouida and Lawrence may be studied for their similarities. And throughout all this prose and verse one ought to be able to discover the essence of Englishness among these sighs and groans, these weepings, these invocations, jubilations, denunciations, fornications, ululations and renunciations. One ought, but one somehow does not—unless one can be negative and say what the English are not. That they are lyrical, fanciful, passionate, or broad with common sense, but entirely lack what may be called curiosity. One makes the less attractive discovery that Meredith, broken from his context, is made false and meretricious; that Gibbon in three uprooted lines is made to sound ridiculous; and Burton, artist in prolixity, is dreary when he is cut up into fruity snippets.

The best things in the book come either from the rank bad writers or from those authors who are not notorious for their successful treatment of the passion. Arnold Bennett, for example, who wrote of love as if it were one of the furnishings of life, rather like a carpet in an hotel corridor for keeping people quiet, can surprise by the excellence of a passage from *Hilda Lessways*. He is a writer who improves by being uprooted from the monotony of his context. If we are in search of Englishness, it is clearer, I think, in the prose of love than in its poetry. Fielding, again not celebrated as a love expert, has the essence of Englishness:

> For love in the minds of men, hath one quality, at least, of a fever, which is to prefer coldness in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude.

Love as vast refreshment!

The bad writers are an embarrassment. It was clever of the editors to discover with what outrageous faithfulness the worst writers describe our best feelings, how a Ouida or a Garvice can give us our love in all the unhappy, warm and clammy nakedness of its apparent sincerity. Many who have made the mistake of keeping diaries while they are in love will find in Garvice rather than in Donne their natural and invidious spokesman. And among the very elect! It was also clever of the editors to distinguish in theory between the English in love and the English *on* love, and to try to concentrate on the former. Actually "*on* love" has been too insidious for them.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Mr. King-Hall is writing a courageous book and he has reached the end of the first volume. The reviewer, like the reader, is left in somewhat an awkward situation and in the air by Mr. King-Hall's decision to publish the first volume on its own. How far his courage is justified, what is the measure of his failure or success, we cannot really know until we have his second volume. There are a good many loose ends here to be continued in our next, and in some cases it is essential to know what the continuation is to be. For Mr. King-Hall has set out to write no mere chronicle of the events of twenty-two years; he is not content to tell us simply what happened; his real object is to tell us why it happened. He is trying to explain something to that vast mass of ordinary English men and women who are being taught by the wireless—one does not know with what success—to regard themselves as nice, hearty, clean-minded, religious, stupid children. And what he is trying to explain is how the devil we nice, clean-minded

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children have got ourselves into the nasty mess we really do seem to have got ourselves into.

It is a most praiseworthy task. Mr. King-Hall is admirably fitted to undertake it, for, as his publishers remark, he "has had years of practice on the wireless, where he has deservedly become a prime favourite amongst adults and young people in resolving difficult and rather indigestible material into elements which can be grasped and understood quickly by large numbers of wireless listeners." One may be pardoned an occasional doubt whether we ordinary adult and non-adult children are quite as stupid, clean-minded, and infantile as these wireless "prime favourites" assume us to be, and whether we should not sometimes enjoy being addressed without the hearty condescension which used to be the monopoly of the best English public schoolmasters. Subject to these reservations, high praise may be given to Mr. King-Hall's first volume. His point of departure is the year 1913, and he has chosen as the breaking point in his period and between his volumes the year 1931, and what he brightly calls the death of the gold pound. The death of the pound he counts also to have been in effect the death of the nineteenth century, an event evidently of sufficient importance to end a volume on. The merits in his exposition of the events which led up to this remarkable catastrophe are many. His publishers praise its clearness and intelligibility. They are certainly great merits, but the reviewer has been chiefly struck by the honesty and impartiality of Mr. King-Hall's narrative. They are even more difficult of achievement than clarity in a political and economic survey of the national messes and international mess which we call "our own times." The man who is out to explain why we are in it and how we have done it has to deal with internationalism and nationalism, free trade and protectionism, capitalism and socialism, Fascism and Communism, not to speak of such delicate subjects, involving acutely party politics, as the 1931 election. It is inevitable that, however Olympian, he must have personal opinions upon these matters, and yet, if he does not maintain a high level of objectivity, his book will have no more value than if it were written by a party hack, an official Communist, or an official Fascist. Mr. King-Hall manages usually to achieve just the right measure of objectivity. One can see or guess the direction of his own opinions or prejudices, but he always gives a scrupulously fair account of events, and usually of the various interpretations which have been or could be attached to them.

A detailed criticism of his general interpretation would be valueless until we have his second volume. One or two tentative remarks may be offered. As the book proceeds, Mr. King-Hall tends more often to slip into the role of the mere chronicler and then to pull himself up with a jerk and begin explaining. The danger in this kind of book is inevitable, but it is one which simply must be avoided, for, if it is not, the book becomes unreadable. Another danger, which is even more dangerous, is that of over-simplification. For instance, in his laudable desire to simplify, Mr. King-Hall, we think, unconsciously distorts the facts by representing the pre-war world economic system as British and based upon internationalism. The world never accepted the free-trade system, as the first column in Mr. King-Hall's table on page 345 is sufficient to show. Nor did the British, except possibly for a brief moment during the life-time of Cobden, accept or maintain the system of free trade as part of an "international" system. Certainly after 1880 all Conservative Governments—and most Liberal Governments, too—maintained free trade from motives of economic nationalism. We suggest that one of the reasons why we are in the mess is that the development of nineteenth-century civilisation implied international and not national economic organisation, but that Great Britain was and is just as hostile to any such "internationalism" as any other State.

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Biography is an art which depends almost entirely, in the first instance, on the quantity and substance of the documents at the biographer's disposal. The journal, the correspondence, the written opinion of contemporaries, reported conversations, authentic anecdotes—in a phrase, the intimate aspects of his subject's *private* life are of infinitely more value to the biographer than the best documented records of the political and historical period in which he lived, however important the public role he played in his time. It may be said at once that both Miss Coryn and Mr. Griffith Davies have been lamentably starved of any material that can be called even remotely personal in the lives of the subjects under review. Holinshed and Froissart, and the many chronicles of the Hundred Years War, are invaluable as sources for a history of those times; throw much light on manners, customs and morals; but are always more concerned with the deeds than the characteristics of princes. The impartial critic, therefore, cannot help wondering whether it would not have been more honest to confine the term biography to a work written about a person and not, as in these two instances, about that person's deeds.

The Black Prince, we are told, was "un des meilleurs chevaliers de cest monde; en son temps il en avoit renom sur tous." He was, of course, much more than that. He learnt his generalship under his father at Crecy, where he fought as a boy, and later, in the same campaign, at Calais. Here his mother, Queen Philippa, did her best to teach him a lesson in humanity; but there is little to show in his after life that he profited by it. And in an age in which the besieged ruthlessly expelled their "useless mouths"—to die slowly of famine between the ramparts of the town and the enemy lines—the hanging or pardoning of half a dozen merchants cannot have made much impression on him.

Miss Coryn writes:

> Jean de Vienne . . . put the useless mouths outside the gates of Calais, 1,700 of them. In that moat the starving horde of the aged, the sick, and the feeble, huddled, blocked on one side by the pitiless walls of Calais, and on the other by the equally pitiless lines of the English. There they ate grass, chewed their shoes, swallowed the very earth itself . . . the shadows of women gave birth to the skeletons of children; and so that their poor little souls might at least be assured heaven . . . those of the town let down baskets every night and raised them up to the top of the wall, where a priest baptized them. Then they were lowered again to the empty breasts of their mothers.

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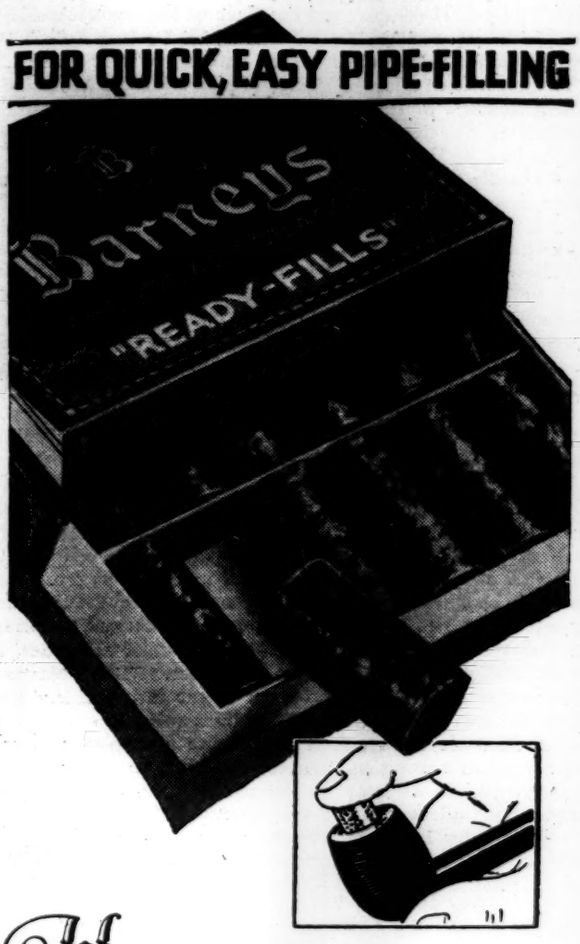

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Westminster

At Crecy, Poitiers, and Navarette—the last two won under his generalship—the English were vastly outnumbered. Their victories were due to two main causes: superior tactics, and the discovery that archers, suitably protected, were more than a match for heavily armed knights. At Navarette Prince Edward fought and beat Du Guesclin, and this in itself proves him to have been a great general. As a dying man his reputation, even according to mediaeval standards, was sullied by the sack of Limoges and the putting to the sword of its three thousand inhabitants.

Mr. Griffith Davies has presented a more detailed history of his period than has Miss Coryn; but his biography is as meagre, for the above reasons, as hers. Neither has his book that sense of proportion which distinguishes Miss Coryn's work. The early period of the Welsh wars and the rebellion of Owen Glendower are well illustrated, but serve more as pegs on which the author can hang his scholarship than as throwing any light at all on the behaviour or character of the young Henry. There seems to be much historical truth in Shakespeare's portrait. As a youth, and until his father's death, he seems to have been extremely wild—frequenting the night clubs of East Cheap, cutting his friends' purses, the boon companion of dissolute gentry, and in general making a great nuisance of himself. There is a legend to the effect that, after one scuffle, he found himself the next morning before a magistrate—and was sent to prison. However, there can be no doubt that he underwent a conversion on the death of his father. He seems to have believed that he had been created by God to be the scourge of the French. Against them he devoted himself to what almost amounted to a crusade, during the course of which he won the battle of Agincourt. He was a great general; a far finer administrator than the Black Prince; and, like all fanatics, entirely without fear.

No reader will quarrel with the care and authority with which these books have been written. But they are not biographies.

RICHARD STRACHEY

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Spenser's Faerie Queene. An Interpretation. By JANET SPENS. *Arnold*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

This is a book which the general reader is almost certain to pass by on the other side. It is not attractive-looking, is not even bulky; he will feel neither drawn to it, nor called on to be aware of its existence. How unfortunate for him!

For it turns out to be absolutely fascinating. In the first place, we are offered a new theory. Miss Spens believes that the *Faerie Queene* underwent a total change of plan when a great part of it was already written—and so far, I think her case is proved. But after that we leave certainty behind, and enter the region of fascinating possibilities. The poem, she believes, as first planned, was to have been in eight books of eight cantos each: here she falls far short of proof, but induces, perhaps, a certain leaning to the affirmative. And when it comes to reconstructing the old poem from the new, all is bold guesswork—sometimes nearly convincing, sometimes quite unacceptable, but the interest holds.

As to why a change was made, one reason may have been Harvey's almost speechless contempt for the original poem. "In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your Faerie Queene. . . . If so be the Faerye Queene be fairer in your eie than the nine Muses and Hobgoblin run away with the garland from Apollo: marke what I saye, and yet I will not say what I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde." Very satisfactory, no doubt, to poor Spenser! The reference to Hobgoblin is perhaps significant, for it suggests a *popular* poem, and indeed the *Faerie Queene* as we have it still abounds in "the allegorical language of the medieval sermon-writer . . . by the sixteenth century . . . the material chiefly of the humbler sort of village preacher. Owst shows that Bunyan was probably greatly indebted to such sources, and links which have puzzled scholars between Spenser and Bunyan are probably . . . the debts of both to the preachers." And the subject itself—the subject of a religious poem in eight books, modelled on the religious allegories of the Middle Ages? "Perhaps the most frequently recurring theme of this sermon literature was the war of the soul against the seven deadly sins." And there we have it: Spenser intended to describe the conquest of the seven deadly sins by Prince Arthur, the soul, and his union, in the eighth book, with Gloriana—Heavenly Glory. Aristotle, and to a great extent Elizabeth, were dragged in afterwards.

To go farther: Book I, in Miss Spens' view, was about the sin of *accidie*—"melancholy leading to inertia and in extreme cases to suicide": Book II (Guyon and the Cave of Mammon) Avarice: Book III (the story of Amoret and Belphoebe) Lechery: Book IV (called Friendship, but mainly about fighting) Wrath. Books V and VI were written after the change of plan: but the Mutabilitie fragment belongs to the original eighth book, which dealt on Platonic lines with the larger problem of time and change, and led up to the Beatific Vision.

Undoubtedly this is a much better plan than the preposterous actual one, and one feels almost homesick for the lovely, orderly poem which *might* have been written. Its strongest attractions are Books III and VIII. The Amoret story as we have it is a gorgeous ruin: how tempting to build it up again, with the Gardens of Adonis in their proper place, and Belphoebe as the rescuer instead of Britomart. And Miss Spens' eighth book is a dream of almost supraspenserian beauty—including not only the Mutabilitie cantos, but those kindred themes, the marriage of Thames and Medway, and the story of Marinell and Florimell. Elsewhere, however, there are many difficulties. Take merely the first book—according to Miss Spens, the book of *accidie*. She has certainly a case for *accidie*—the Red-crosse hero, "who of his cheer did seem too solemn sad"—the enemy Sansjoy—the Cave of Despair. And to these she would like to add Orgoglio's dungeon, in which Red-crosse, as she truly says, has something very like the experience of Bunyan's hero "in the castle of another giant—Despair." The defeat of Orgoglio-Despair should, in her view, have concluded this book. But you cannot throw pride out of it like that, neck and crop. You have still the House of Pride, and the pride-aspect of the superb Duessa, Red-crosse's chief misleader, in contrast with Una's obvious humility-aspect. The objections to this new reading of Orgoglio seem to me insuperable. And similar difficulties arise with the other books.

But a plausible theory, even if no more than plausible, may be of service in rousing and concentrating our attention—and so it is here. When we come to the second charm of this book, interpretation independent of the structural theory, then—with some qualms, for I am not a Spenser scholar—I must own that hardly any praise seems to me too high. Spenser is the Sleeping Beauty among English poets—only instead of being sought after he is left pretty much to himself, and indeed by most people considered as dead as a door-nail. But here, sympathetic imagination breaks the spell, the Beauty lives and moves in unchallenged loveliness. Exactly how it is done I could not make clear without pages of quotation, but there seems no doubt that most earlier critics of Spenser have been wrong from the start. The real and exquisite subtleties have been overlooked, and "except in one or two cases when the reference to the physical world was unmistakable, all the figures and episodes in the poem have been supposed to have ethical significance. . . . Figures which represent the natural world are curiously degraded by the forced application to them of inappropriate human standards; while the few obvious examples of nature allegory not only appear like excrescences upon the poem, but lose their more delicate and imaginative associations." Thus, one critic declares that Florimell is "the beautiful chaste woman without discretion . . . her misfortunes are the logical result of her folly." Whereas Florimell is revealed by her very name as the poetry of earth, its pathetic because frail and transient loveliness—she is a kind of Proserpine, and finds her natural complement in Marinell, the poetry of the sea. If dramatic portraits are what we are looking for, Spenser will inevitably be a disappointment.

At times it seems hopeless to persuade anybody to read anything. But if ever there was a book to delight the "general reader" with a taste for poetry—here it is.

K. JOHN

SHORTER NOTICES

The History of the Scots Guards, 1642-1914. By Major-General Sir F. MAURICE. *Chatto and Windus*. £2 2*s*. 2 vols.

This regimental history is beautifully produced. The campaigns in which they distinguished themselves are well described: Namur, Dettingen, Waterloo, Inkerman and Tel-el-Kebir are among the many names upon their colours. It is also interesting to read of the police-work performed by the Guards before the creation of a proper police-force. Unluckily the book is written too exclusively from the officers' point of view. There is little or no information about the soldiers' pay, or the severe discipline and brutal punishments. It is difficult also to discover exactly what proportion of men were killed in the various campaigns. But a rough calculation based on a list at the end of the book shows that out of some 1,900 officers who have served in the Regiment over a hundred were killed in the Great War and less than sixty in all the previous campaigns.

Lamb Always Elia. By EDITH CHRISTINA JOHNSON. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Lamb's "Barbara S——": The Life of Frances Maria Kelly, Actress. By L. E. HOLMAN. *Methuen.* 6s.

The Lamb centenary has gone off quietly; every year there is a trickle of books in his honour, and the occasion has passed almost unnoticed. Here are two modest tributes. The first comes from New England, where Miss Johnson is a Professor of Literature. Her aim is to show that Lamb was always Elia, that the essays were implicit in all he said and did, and that in them we have the full flowering of his genius. She makes out a good case for her contention, but no better perhaps than has been made out for a greater man thwarted by fate and escaping into whimsy. In *Lamb's "Barbara S——"* we are given a charming little study of Frances Kelly the actress, to whom Lamb once diffidently proposed without injury to their attachment. Though "Barbara S——" was indeed founded upon Miss Kelly, the differences were most marked, as the lady once pointed out. Miss Kelly seems to have been a very positive and lively person, and we can easily understand Lamb's infatuation; though it is difficult seeing her portraits to understand that her contemporaries and even Lamb himself considered her plain.

Philips' Centenary Handy General Atlas of the World. Fourth Edition. Edited by GEORGE PHILIP, F.R.G.S. *Philip.* £4 4s.

The centenary of the *Atlas* is commemorated with a revised and enlarged edition. Many new maps have been added, particularly of the Central European countries, the names being given in their official native spellings; there are several series of new plates dealing with physical geography, and with "human geography" (distribution of population, language, race, transport, etc.); the index has been freshly compiled so as to make reference easier; and uniformity of scale in the various series has been attained by making the maps of the larger countries fold out from the right-hand side of the page. In its present form the *Atlas* is an up-to-date and remarkably complete work of reference.

Africa Calling. By ROGER COURTNEY. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

In a previous book Mr. Courtney has recorded his adventures as a White Hunter in Africa; *Africa Calling* tells us of "strange workaday experiences in Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo." In the intervals between hunting expeditions, Mr. Courtney has engaged in other occupations, and he here tells us of the part he played in a gold rush; of a bush-clearing engagement; a planting experiment; and work as a carrier. But the real value of the book lies in its stories of native life and its sidelights on the fauna of the country. The old woman still drumming beside the dreadful and long-closed grave of a chief; the lame native girl seeking a husband to take her to Nairobi, the city of her dreams; the small boy turned adrift in the scrub; all come to life. And so does the lion pestered by vultures as he dodged from kill to kill, till he pulled the carcases together and kept his claws on both.

A History of the Roman World from 146 to 30 B.C. By FRANK BURR MARSH. *Methuen.* 15s.

This, the second volume to be published of Messrs. Methuen's History of the Greek and Roman World, deals with the crucial century in Roman history, for during this period the wind was sown that the later Empire reaped in whirlwind. Dr. Marsh, who is Professor of Ancient History in the University of Texas, writes with detachment, and keeps close to his authorities, but he is alert to the implications of events. He is particularly illuminating on the growth of slavery in Italy after the Eastern Conquests, on the moral deterioration which followed the breaking up of the small farms, and the intrusion into Roman life of the subtle luxury-loving people of the Hellenistic East. Much of the book is devoted to the fall of the Republic after the assassination of Caesar, to whom he is just without undue partiality.

Aces Made Easy, or Pons Asinorum in a Nutshell. By W. D. H. MCCULLOUGH and FOUGASSE. *Methuen.* 5s.

This burlesque book about Contract Bridge is packed with wisecracks, and is certain to be a wild success with many Contract-addicts. The elaborate system of cheating advocated is particularly amusing. The drawings of Fougasse have the concision which is the soul of wit.

Week-end Competitions

No. 252

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Before journalists got hold of them, the following phrases were thought fresh, vivid and alive. There ought to be some way of raising them from the dead either by slight alteration or by the substitution of new phrases equally idiomatic but more definitely of our life and times. Competitors are asked to try placing each phrase in a brief sentence. Americanisms will be disqualified.

(1) Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
(2) Between Scylla and Charybdis.
(3) Killing the goose that lays the golden egg.
(4) To cross the Rubicon.

Mr. Whitehouse— Mr. Reader

On a spring morning in 1922 a boy of fourteen stood on the first-floor landing of 15 Newgate Street awaiting the arrival of the brothers Goss. Charles Edward Whitehouse was to be initiated into the mysteries of making men's clothes.

Fortunately young Whitehouse had no previous experience, or otherwise the Gosses must have seemed to him two of the most exacting employers that ever employed! Why did they go to such extremes of trouble to get things right? Why did they treat each customer as though they had no other? Why did they descend upon the youthful Charles, like the proverbial ton of bricks, whenever he made some slight mistake?

Such thoughts must have entered young Whitehouse's mind from time to time in his early days with us, but he himself has assured us since that his training was right. There was no definite term of apprenticeship with Charles. We hoped that one day his learning would develop into judgment and that his term of experiment would become one of experience. That day has come, and after thirteen years we now refer to Charles as "our Mr. Whitehouse."

Nineteen-thirty-four saw the elder Goss away through illness for fairly long spells — particularly towards the end of the year—and if confirmation were needed of Whitehouse's ability to maintain the Goss standard, it was most certainly given during 1934.

* * *

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(5) To cut the Gordian knot.
(6) To cleanse the Augean stables.
(7) To pour oil on the troubled waters.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 18.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 250

Set by Richard Church

It was recently stated in the press that English statesmen are at their best when they talk about books. I can imagine charming examples of this. For instance, I should like to hear Mr. J. H. Thomas on *The Testament of Beauty*, and I should like to have heard Arthur Balfour on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and Lord Curzon on *Ulysses*. We may yet hear Mr. Lloyd George on *Cold Comfort Farm*.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract of not more than 350 words from one of these imaginary talks or from a talk by another statesman on a similarly appropriate book.

Report by Richard Church

Christmas food and drink, no doubt, have had a share in the activities of Week-end Competitors this week, for the entries are few and incredibly dull. Only two entries have ventured beyond the tentative suggestions which I made when setting the competition. One gives a short extract from a speech by the Prime Minister on D. H. Lawrence's *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, and Mr. B. H. de C. Ireland is to be commended for a certain rotundity and interminitude (the technique is infectious) of phrase, and an indecisive remoteness of idea, a going-on-and-on-ness, as it were, which perhaps echoes something of the forensic style of the statesman whose hand is at present on the helm.

For this reason Mr. Ireland takes the First Prize:

FIRST PRIZE

THE PRIME MINISTER ON *Fantasia of the Unconscious*
(D. H. Lawrence)

In the course of a great deal both of reading and speaking we do not often remember, we public men, what we have read in the past, any more than what we have said. But if there is one book more than another, it is this book. It is a book which deals with the most intimate workings of the human mind, of its subconscious, I might almost say its *un*conscious, in a manner entirely free and fantastic whose very freedom from strict or formal reason we must all of us, I am convinced, find congenial to the mind tossed on the shifting sea of events which make so troublous our world of to-day. Yet, despite the manifold difficulties which press upon us both at home and abroad, anchored to such a firm and unyielding rock as this, I both hope and believe that our common ship could be steered as it were mentally by the hand of its competent guides so as to turn the corner and slowly but surely win through to the goal which we have always kept with such steadiness in sight. And in wishing now my fellow countrymen and countrywomen good wishes for the coming year I would wish them nothing better than the opportunity of reading this book which, I may add, has been my constant reading off and on and on and off . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . B. H.

The only other original entry is a review by Mr. Gladstone of Disney's *Three Little Pigs*. A pleasant association, but not very brightly carried out by R. D. Birch.

The majority of the competitors have fallen for my illustrative example of Mr. J. H. Thomas on Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*. Most of the entries would, if printed, involve the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in libel actions. Their humour is of the red-nosed variety, and the inevitable lack of aspirates and excess of shirt-front become boring.

The Second Prize goes to William Bliss, who has certainly caught something of the Balfour idiom, that verbal flanking movement, which made the distinguished member of the "Souls" more successful as a debater than as a philosopher.

SECOND PRIZE

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR (Lord Balfour of Whittingehame) on
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

. . . Though I am a child in these matters the sense in which gentlemen are supposed by this lively—and, as I am credibly informed, scarcely yet nubile—authoress, to prefer blondes, is made abundantly—perhaps too abundantly—clear.

Anchorite as I am, I could be in no dubiety as I perused these artless pages wherein the attraction of these lighter ladies—I use the adjective solely in its sense of colour—lay.

Indeed as I read I became more and more intrigued as the question persisted in forcing itself upon me whether the converse of the proposition would be equally capable of being sustained; whether, that is to say, if gentlemen preferred blondes it were equally demonstrable that blondes prefer gentlemen.

I found myself speculating, in a vein of self-examination not wholly devoid of interest, as to whether, assuming myself to be a gentleman—as I have been in the habit of doing in all the more ordinary occasions of a not inactive life—I should, in this particular matter, if I may so put it, pass the test. But as I read further this first, not uninteresting but wholly academic, speculation became tinged with alarm and was I confess, even at my advanced age, succeeded by something approaching apprehension.

I do not, as I think I have said elsewhere, read the newspapers, but even in my retirement the advertisements and the hoardings thrust themselves upon me so that I cannot but be aware that in these later days no man's virtue, whatever his age or his position, is safe. . . . Whether these be the reasons or no, I am compelled to recognise the fact that the relations between the sexes have so altered that, if I may so explain myself, the story of Susannah and the Ancients, if re-enacted in these days, would almost certainly be re-enacted with the characters reversed; and I began to consider the advisability of heightening the walls and strengthening the gates of my walled gardens at Whittingehame lest perchance even that *hortus inclusus* might not prove a sanctuary sufficient to protect me from . . . WILLIAM BLISS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 107.—JOHN CITIZEN

"You girls," said John Citizen, "don't seem to know much about politics. Here's a little competition for you. Pinned to the wall you'll find five numbered portraits of contemporary politicians. I'll tell you who the five are—they're Baldwin, Churchill, Lansbury, Lloyd George and MacDonald. Write out, each of you, which is which. There'll be a box of chocolates for anyone who gets all five right."

"No one gets any chocolates," said Mr. Citizen ten minutes later. "The result, in fact, is disappointing. Amelia has one right; Britomart has two; Carmen has two; Din-Din has one."

These were the girls' lists:

Amelia: (1) Lansbury, (2) Churchill, (3) Lloyd George, (4) MacDonald, (5) Baldwin.

Britomart: (1) Baldwin, (2) Lansbury, (3) Lloyd George, (4) Churchill, (5) MacDonald.

Carmen: (1) Churchill, (2) MacDonald, (3) Baldwin, (4) Lansbury, (5) Lloyd George.

Din-Din: (1) Lloyd George, (2) MacDonald, (3) Lansbury, (4) Churchill, (5) Baldwin.

Identify the five portraits.

PROBLEM 105.—MIXED HOCKEY

The following, I think, is the only "League table" conforming to all the data:

		A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Winnie	(A)	▦		1				
Walter	(B)		▦				2	
	(C)			▦		2		
	(D)				▦			
	(E)					▦		1
	(F)		1				▦	
Woozle	(G)							▦

This gives Winnie 7 points and a goal average of 1—0 against Walter's 7 points and average 2—1. But I think the problem would have been better worded had it read "Walter's scored *more* goals" instead of "Walter's scored *most* goals," as several solvers have inferred from the latter statement that Walter's team must have scored 3. I shall therefore allow in addition to the result 0—0 (deducible from the table above) the results 3—0 or 0—0 deducible from tables in which Winnie's team has 7 points and a 2—0 goal average, and a second team 7 points and a 1—0 goal average, while Walter's has 7 (or 6) points and a goal average of 3—1. Whether 2—0 is a better "goal average" than 1—0 is a question to which there is no categorical answer.

PROBLEM 104.—MR. SPOTHAM'S YOUNG LADIES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: John W. Drinkwater, 97 Carbery Avenue, Southbourne, Hants. There were 92 correct solutions.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 103.—LAURA'S LEGACY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. H. Hearn, 20 Sandford Road, Bromley, Kent. There were 171 correct solutions.

Three points are awarded. CALIBAN

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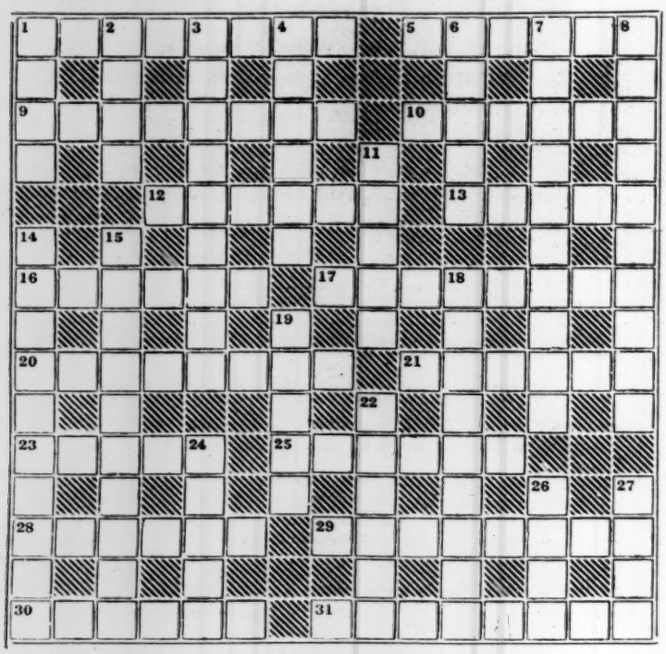

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ACROSS

1. Scotsman who frequents the bar.
5. Suitable quantities of food for cattle.
9. They naturally shoot sideways.
10. Beginning of a meditator in purple.
12. As the team is within what is spoken is private.
13. Of a low disposition.
16. Is this the noise the umpire makes when a wicket falls.
17. Dolichocephalic sign of shrewdness.
20. Back us against the cask, leaving 3ft. 9in. at the rear.
21. Swift line of life.
23. Table turning produces it.
25. Condition that shuts one out from heaven.
28. One may regard this as certain.
29. This stork presumably brings the Army babies.
30. Wiles for Jack Dawkins.
31. Turn round if car-shy.

DOWN

1. Ending logically.
2. Choice one may veto.
3. A kind of wooden horse for the wine waiter.
4. A sword puts the French in a fuss.
6. Wanderer by land and sea.
7. Counter revolution, as it were.
8. Supersede the Order of the Garter.
11. A sporting villa.
14. Does not conform to the customs of the country.
15. Established in the horses' quarters?
18. Bill no longer gets chucked out by them.
19. This R. A. has a heavenly home.
22. C/D gold.
24. Two to one.
26. A friend to me in an ancient tongue.
27. The final state of Brigham Young.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	I	G	W	A	S	H	■	A	T	L	A	S	E	S
I	■	R	■	N	■	A	■	R	■	A	■	T	■	A
T	W	O	■	C	O	L	L	A	R	S	T	U	D	S
C	■	W	■	H	■	F	■	■	■	T	■	A	■	H
H	O	N	O	U	R	A	N	D	G	L	O	R	Y	■
P	■	U	■	S	■	C	■	A	■	A	■	T	■	H
I	M	P	E	A	C	H	■	I	M	P	A	S	T	O
P	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	G
E	A	R	T	H	E	N	■	Y	U	L	E	L	O	G
S	■	E	■	I	■	C	■	C	■	I	■	E	■	E
■	C	H	I	C	K	E	N	H	E	A	R	T	E	D
O	■	E	■	K	■	■	A	■	I	■	T	■	■	M
D	R	A	G	O	N	F	L	I	E	S	■	U	S	A
D	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	N	■	O	■	C	■	N
S	Y	S	T	Y	L	E	■	S	I	N	C	E	R	E

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE ROAD TO RECOVERY VIA STRAKOSCH—AND THE ALTERNATIVE ROUTE—EQUITY SHARES TO BUY

EVERYONE should read Sir Henry Strakosch's "Road to Recovery," published as a supplement to *The Economist* of January 5. Particularly Frenchmen, if they like logic. Like all Sir Henry's "State" papers, it is cogently, lucidly and cleverly written. Of course, it is too clever in parts. The more lucid any economic analysis appears on paper, the more likely it is to be misleading. Sir Henry's analysis is no exception. His "Road to Recovery" lies simply in the devaluation of the European gold currencies and a return to an international gold standard. It seems to be such a broad, easy road that you may not think of questioning whether its foundations are strong enough to support the traffic of a trade recovery. But first of all let me give a brief synopsis of his argument. Sir Henry begins by making a comparison between the "gold group" (France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Italy) and the sterling group (Great Britain, Sweden, Denmark and Canada). The abandonment of the gold standard by the latter freed their domestic price levels from dependence on the price level of the gold countries. Commodity prices in both groups had followed a parallel downward course until the end of 1931. Thereafter the downward course continued in the gold countries, but was arrested in the sterling countries. A comparison of the indices of industrial production revealed a recovery, measured from the middle of 1932, of no less than 32 per cent. in the sterling group, against one of 17 per cent. in the gold group. The volume of industrial output in the sterling countries is now somewhat higher that it was in 1928, but in the gold countries it is only back to the lowest point reached by the sterling countries in 1932. Sir Henry attributes this difference to the fact that by suspending the gold standard the sterling countries have been able to approach an equilibrium between prices and costs, whereas in the gold countries prices and costs have moved still further out of balance. This he demonstrates by a series of charts showing the trend of the cost of living and of the level of wholesale prices since 1928. Assuming that the price-costs relationship was in equilibrium in 1928, the charts show the divergence, expressed as a percentage of the wholesale price index, growing steadily worse in France and Belgium. Deflation, he says, has failed and was bound to fail because of the rigidity of costs. Equilibrium will only be restored in the gold countries by devaluation, which will lead to a rise in prices.

* * *

As soon as internal equilibrium has been restored in the gold countries it will be possible, in Sir Henry's opinion, to re-establish an international monetary system. Gold, he thinks, will have to be restored, because an international paper standard is impracticable. And the sooner it is restored the better, for the sterling countries, according to Sir Henry, have not derived much benefit through the depreciation of their currencies. The gold value of the world's international trade is now only a third of what it was in 1929. Measured by their percentages of the world export trade (in gold) the gold countries have fared somewhat better than the sterling countries since 1929. To complete their recovery, the sterling countries must therefore re-establish the gold standard. Once the gold standard is restored, inter. a ional trade will be revived, for the need of import restrictions will be gone. Great Britain, whose foreign trade in relation to her total trade represented in normal times a very high proportion, has more to gain from a restoration of international trade than any other country. The strangulation of international trade has robbed Great Britain of an outlet of no less than 9 per cent. of her normal production. An increase of that percentage in her present production might well absorb almost all her unemployed. This briefly is the argument with which Sir Henry seeks to induce the gold bloc to devalue and the sterling bloc to stabilise. It is at any rate a programme with which the gold producers, and South Africa in particular, will find no fault.

* * *

There is a great deal omitted in Sir Henry Strakosch's analysis. Assuming that costs and prices can be accurately measured by the cost of living index and the wholesale price index, which I doubt, the difference in the economic conditions of the gold and sterling groups is not to be so simply explained as a difference in price-costs relationships. There are many other distinctions. Sir Henry apparently believes that equilibrium has nearly been restored in Great Britain, but can we talk of "equilibrium" when there are over two million unemployed? And does the abandonment of the gold standard (or devaluation) provide in itself the correction for the disequilibrium between costs and prices? When Great Britain abandoned the gold standard and began to operate, as it were, a closed financial system, the Government had, first of all, to restore confidence, then to deflate (i.e., reduce salaries and wages) then to cheapen money, then to impose tariffs to protect the home market. Tariffs, cheap money and a revival in the capital industries, particularly housing, brought about the domestic recovery. The French Government has just declared, through M. Flandin, that it can do much the same without devaluing the franc. It is trying to restore confidence, it has reduced some costs of production, it is now engaged in cheapening the long-term rate of interest, and it is pushing forward a programme of public works, so that cheap money may be utilised and internal trade may be revived. Now, this policy may fail, but Sir Henry Strakosch has no right to tell France that there is no alternative to devaluation. Moreover, if Mr. Roosevelt's budget leads to a rise in the American price level, the over-valuation of the franc may be corrected. So the gold bloc may be relieved by their domestic works and eventually saved by America. Personally, I believe devaluation to be the simplest way out for the gold bloc, but at any rate they have an alternative programme to work on.

* * *

Finally, Sir Henry Strakosch over-argues himself when he declares that the gold countries have fared somewhat better than the sterling countries in the matter of international trade. His table showing the different percentages of total world exports (in gold) is misleading. Sterling prices have not risen by as much as sterling has depreciated. In terms of gold, the table gives a false picture of the recovery in British exports. The index of output of the export industries in the sterling countries will be found to have increased to a much greater extent than the corresponding index in the gold countries. If the sterling countries have in effect done better than the gold countries in their export trade then a fundamental part of Sir Henry Strakosch's case falls to the ground, namely, his argument that the urgent task for the sterling countries is to get back to gold. Even if the gold group devalued their currencies it would, in my opinion, be extremely unwise for Great Britain to commit herself to stabilisation on gold before a settlement has been arrived at with the United States on war debts. And to imagine that all important restrictions upon international trade will be removed as soon as stabilisation is reached, is not being realistic. Economic nationalism has come to stay for a while. If Mr. Walter Elliot has his way, it has come to stay for good in this country. Certainly it would split the National Government to return to gold before the General Election of 1936. So, however inevitable an eventual return to gold may be, the time is not yet. For this the Lord make us truly thankful!

* * *

The rise in the gilt-edged market will induce more and more investors to take their profits and move into equity shares. That is the purpose of the money cycle. But what to buy? Most of the popular "leaders" seem over-valued. In response to an inquiry for a list of "sound and safe" British industrial ordinary shares, I give, with some diffidence, the following:—

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		%	%	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
J. and P. Coats £1 shs.	68/–	13¾	15	4 0 9	4 8 3
Distillers Ord. Stock ..	95/–	20	20	4 4 3	4 4 3
Ind Coope £1 shares ..	99/3	20	22½	4 0 9	4 10 9
Imperial Chemical £1	38/–	7½	8	4 0 9*	4 6 0*
Tate and Lyle £1 Ord.	103/–	22½	25	4 7 3	4 17 0
Turner and Newall Ord. Stock	56/9	10	12½	3 11 6†	4 9 6†

* Equivalent gross after tax at 4/1 in £.
† Equivalent gross after tax at 4/3 in £.

Most of these shares have been recommended from time to time in these columns. Some of them may offend the radically-minded, but they fairly represent capitalist England and our domestic trade recovery. All give a yield of 4 per cent. or more on their last dividends, except Turner & Newall, and on that account cannot be considered dear. Turner & Newall is included because the scope for development in the asbestos industry is great. But I admit that the list is not one to excite the speculative investor.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, January 13th, at 11 a.m. HAROLD PICTON, B.Sc.: "REPUBLICANISM AND NAZI GERMANY; SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES." 6.30 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music.
Tuesday, January 15th, at 7 p.m.: HAMILTON FYFE: "FORTY YEARS IN FLEET STREET."
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London),
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1.

Public Lectures at 5.15 p.m.
"TIME"

January 17th ... "Time from the point of view of the Psychologist." By Professor F. C. Bartlett, F.R.S., M.A.
January 31st ... "Ways of Measuring Time—Ancient Clocks." By J. K. Fotheringham, F.B.A., M.A., D.Litt.
February 14th ... "Ways of Measuring Time—Modern Clocks." By Lieut.-Commdr. R. T. Gould, R.N. (ret.).
February 28th ... "Astronomical Time." By R. A. Sampson, F.R.S., M.A.
March 7th ... "Time and Entropy." By Sir Arthur Eddington, F.R.S., M.A.
March 14th ... "Time as a Metaphysical Problem." By Professor C. D. Broad, F.B.A., M.A., Litt.D.

Admission free by ticket on application to the Secretary, stating date and *sending stamped addressed envelope.*
February 5th ... Lecture on "Coornhert's and Chapman's Odysseys: An early and a Late Renaissance Homer." By T. Weevers, Litt.D.

Admission free.

THE GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. "NATIONS IN THE NEWS," 2nd Series. Jan. 18th, 8 o'clock, "GERMANY," MISS HELEN W. DIXON (Chairman, Friends' Germany Committee). Admission Free. LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION. Entrance 12, Berwick Street, S.W.1.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury - on - Trym, Bristol). A Public School for Girls (Founded 1858).
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Extra accommodation for both Senior and Junior Schools has been provided by the erection of new Junior School buildings; entrance scholarships are awarded to the Senior School. Sound scholarship is combined with preparation for world citizenship.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL. Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley). Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees; easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

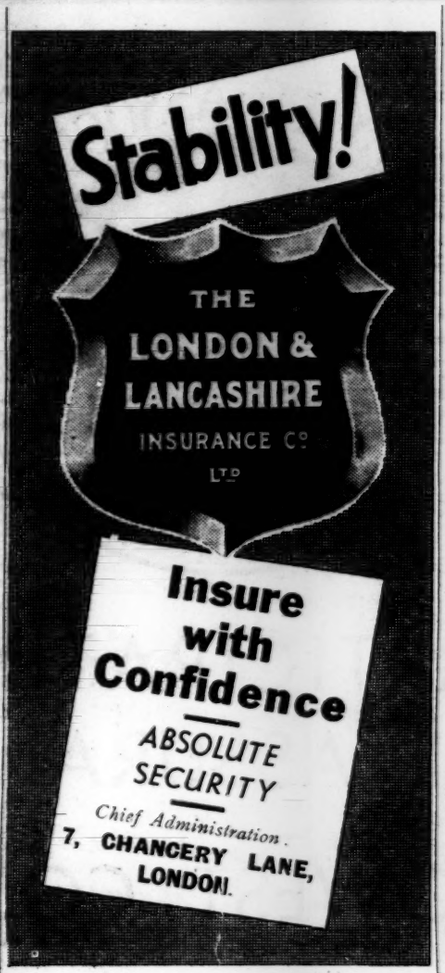
DUNNOW HALL, Newton-in-Bowland, Yorkshire. A co-educational school for children who are physically or emotionally delicate, or who present special problems in development or conduct. Modern methods under medical supervision. Own farm. Prospectus from the MEDICAL PRINCIPAL.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Tower House, Almondsbury (6 miles Bristol), Co-educational Home School. Magnificent situation, high, open Bristol Channel. Kindergarten. Modern schools' methods. Usual examinations. Own Cornish house. Term begins January 17th.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls, (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres, 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised, cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105-165 per annum.

KING Arthur's School for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply, MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS
Head Mistress: MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community; to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.



SCHOOLS—Continued

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10-19. Playing fields, park, woodland 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120-£180 p.a.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK. Boarding School for Boys under management of the Society of Friends. Entrance Scholarships examinations in March. Applications should be made before February 21st to the HEADMASTER.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3-10. Girls 3-12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

A THOROUGHLY up-to-date Public School for Boys and Girls, 10-18. Individual attention; initiative encouraged.—Greater Felcourt, East Grinstead, W.1.Sx.

ADVICE on the choice of SUITABLE
SCHOOLS AND TUTORS
for BOYS and GIRLS with prospectuses of recommended establishments will be given free of charge to parents stating age of pupil, district preferred, range of fees and type of school required.
J. & J. PATON
143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4
Telephone: Mansion House 5053.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered, apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A., Cambs.

LA CITRONELLE, CHATEAU D'OEX, SWITZERLAND. Home School for delicate Boys and Girls, or Children of Parents abroad. Ages 8 to 14.

L'AVENIR, Villars sur Bex, Switzerland. International school for boys and girls (4-18), combining modern methods in education with the advantages of family life. Altitude, 4,100 feet.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London),
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1.
ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

Papers for the Entrance Examination for students desiring to enter in October 1935, will be written on February 14th and 15th at the schools of the candidates. Interviews will be arranged at Bedford College in the week beginning March 11th. Entry closes January 25th.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following Scholarships will be offered by the Council of Bedford College during 1935:—
Five Entrance Scholarships, each tenable for three years, three in Arts and two in Science.
Two Lewis Pilcher Scholarships, each of the value of £60 a year, tenable for three years. Candidates must be the daughters of clergymen of the Church in Wales, serving or having served in country parishes in Wales, but failing any suitable candidate presenting herself, the scholarships shall be open to Welsh women brought up in Wales, irrespective of their fathers' profession or business.
For further information apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

An Examination for three Extrance Scholarships, £80, £60, and £40 each, also Exhibitions, will be held on 12th-14th March. Applications by 28th February. Candidates must be under 15 on 31st July, 1935.
For further particulars apply SECRETARY, Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. 255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5. provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings, ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT. *Prospectus on application.* Frobisher 3642.

MAYFAIR SECRETARIAL
COLLEGE for GENTLEWOMEN.
25 Buckingham Gate. Vic. 4495.
Advanced training for the best Secretarial Posts found for all Students throughout their career. Foreign languages and Courses in Journalism and Economics a speciality. INDIVIDUAL TUITION.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE (University of London), E.1.—UNIVERSITY COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, AND ENGINEERING (Civil, Mechanical and Electrical). Fees from £22 10s. a year. Residential Halls for Men and for Women Students. Prospectus post free.—J. ELLISON MACARTNEY, Registrar.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Junior School Methods. Instruction is offered in the theory and practice of progressive education. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the new schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. Preparation for Higher Certificate National Froebel Union. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

CAMBRIDGESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
COUNTY JUVENILE EMPLOYMENT OFFICER.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of COUNTY JUVENILE EMPLOYMENT OFFICER. Candidates must have good educational qualifications and appropriate experience.
Salary £300 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £350.
Application forms, with particulars of the conditions of appointment, can be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, from the EDUCATION SECRETARY, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom applications should be returned not later than 22nd January, 1935.
Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will disqualify.
3rd January, 1935.

SOUGHT—Woman secretary, good typist, practical, initiative, capable research, Socialist views, modest salary. Write, stating qualifications, to Box 646, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ROOM and small wage required for services: housekeeping or caretaking. Box 652, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.